

YANKEE

COMICS

NOV
NO. 2
10¢



A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION.
WORLD'S
greatest
COMICS

THE
SPIRIT
OF '41

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



GET THE
HANDY-PACK
6
BOTTLES
25c

IN THE BIG 12-OZ. BOTTLE 5¢
2 FULL GLASSES
AT ALL THIRST-AID STATIONS

FIRST for THIRST
King Kola
SODA-LICIOUS



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

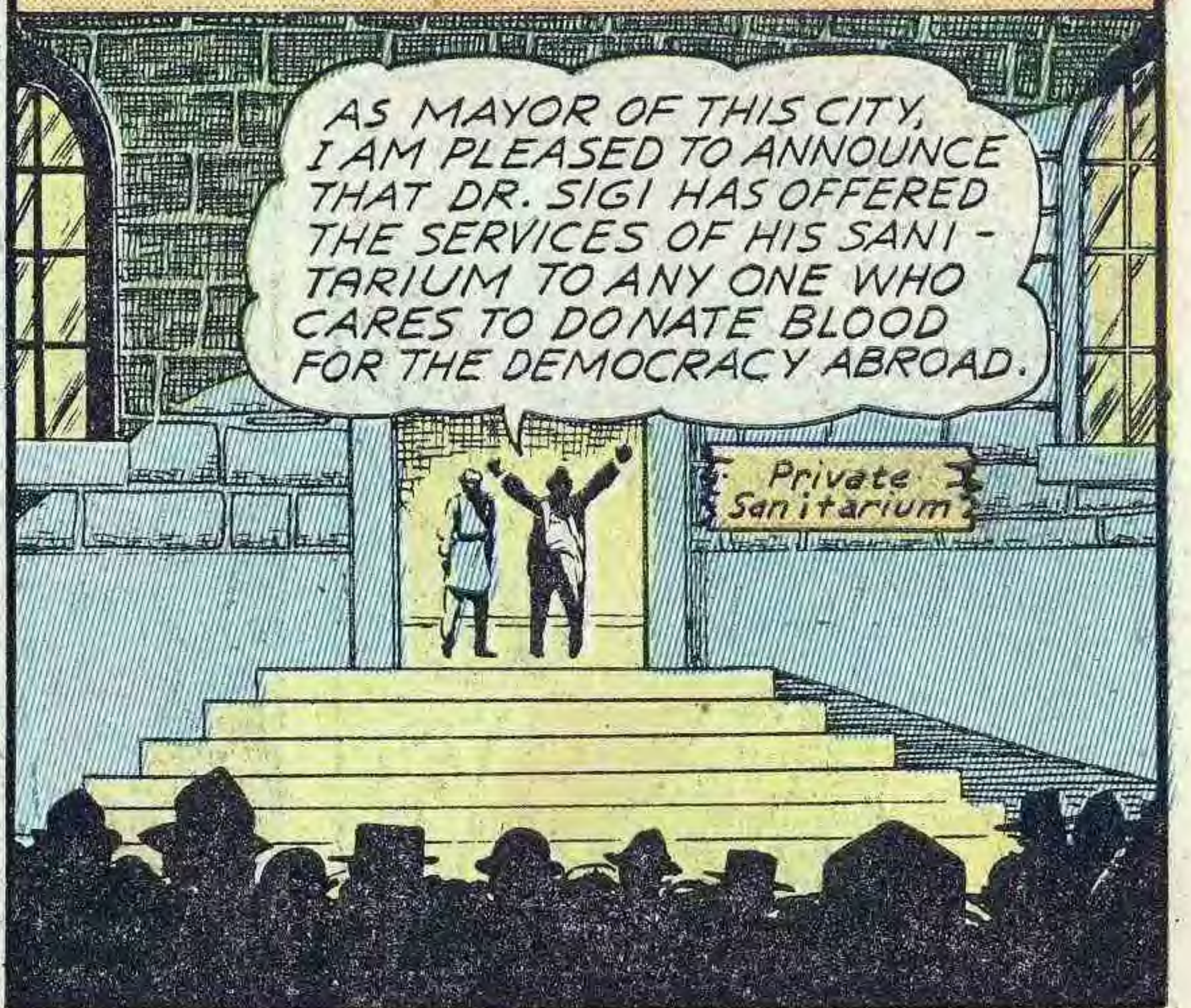
YANKEE DOODLE JONES

A TORN AND BLEEDING
SISTER DEMOCRACY
BEGS AMERICA TO SEND
BLOOD TO HEAL ITS
WOUNDED, THOUSANDS
OF AMERICANS RESPOND
TO THE CALL AND ARE
CAUGHT IN A HIDEOUS
WEB, WHICH SEEKS
TO DRIVE ALL AMERICA
MAD, UNTIL...
YANKEE DOODLE
JONES AND DANDY
WIPE OUT THE
BLOODY THREAT.



TOUCHED BY THE GALLANTRY OF THE DEMOCRACIES ABROAD, AMERICANS HERE SEEK TO DO THEIR BIT.

AS MAYOR OF THIS CITY,
I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THAT DR. SIGI HAS OFFERED
THE SERVICES OF HIS SANI-
TARIUM TO ANY ONE WHO
CARES TO DONATE BLOOD
FOR THE DEMOCRACY ABROAD.





GOSH, THAT'S A SWELL (GULP) IDEA. I'M (GULP) GOING TO GIVE MY BLOOD!

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, DANDY. WE'LL GO SIDE BY SIDE.

TWO GREAT PATRIOTS, YANKEE DOODLE JONES AND DANDY ALSO PREPARE TO DO THEIR BIT...



ON THEIR WAY TO THE SANITARIUM, THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME ATTRACTS THE TWO.

GOSH, YANK. HOW ABOUT SEEING THE GAME FIRST?

SURE, PARTNER. WE'LL GO TO THE SANITARIUM LATER.



AND WEARING AN OVERCOAT ON A HOT DAY LIKE THIS!

LOOK AT THAT GOOFY GUY. TAKES HIS DOGS TO SEE A BALLGAME.



SUDDENLY, THE STRANGE MAN REMOVES THE MUZZLES.

NOW TO LOOSE "THE HOUNDS OF HADES!"



ATTACK! MY MAD FRIENDS, ATTACK! ATTACK!



UNLEASHED, THE VICIOUS ANIMALS ATTACK THE INNOCENT PEOPLE...

OOOOOOW!



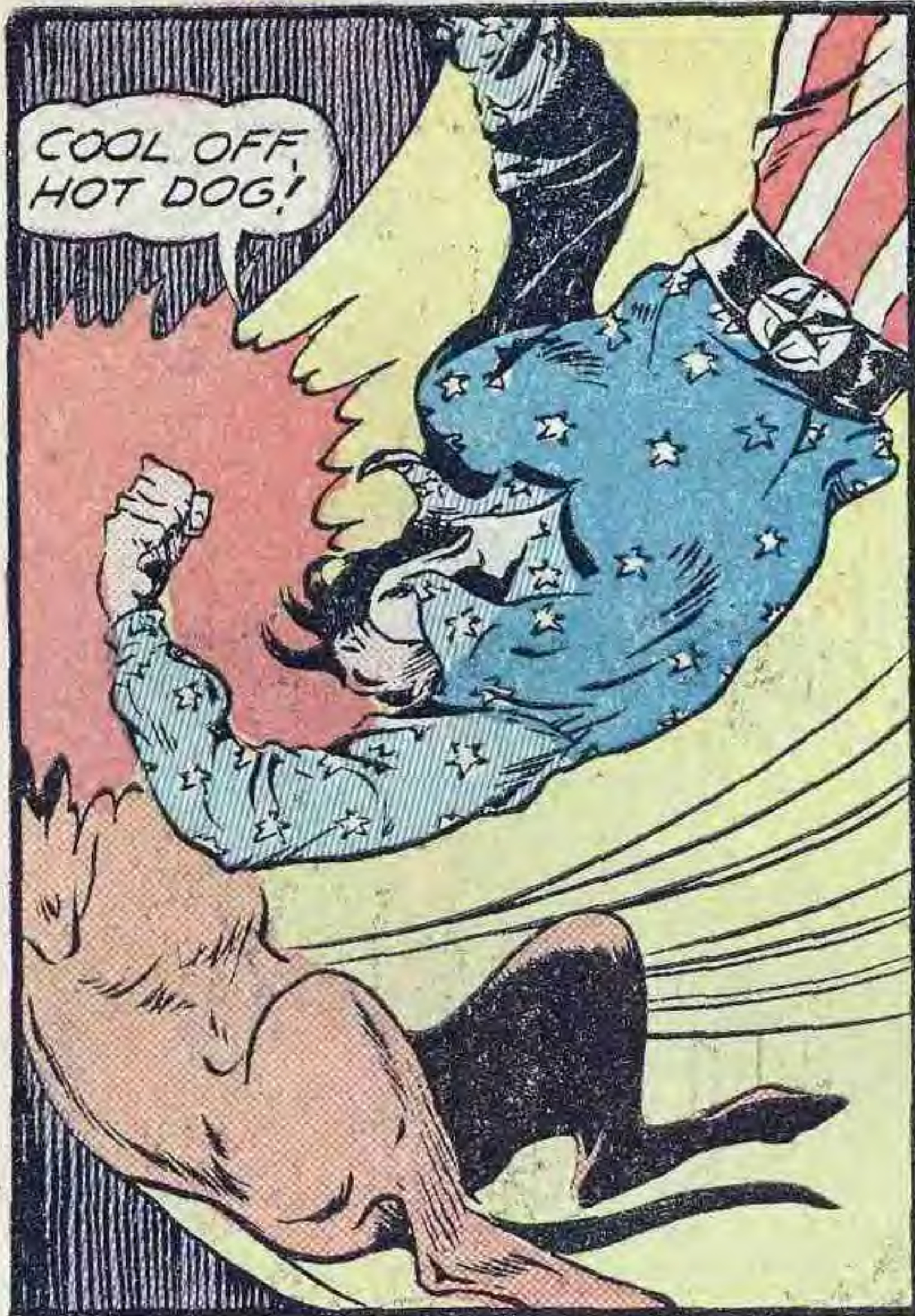
INSTANTLY, THE BITTEN SPECTATOR BECOMES MAD AND ATTACKS ANOTHER.

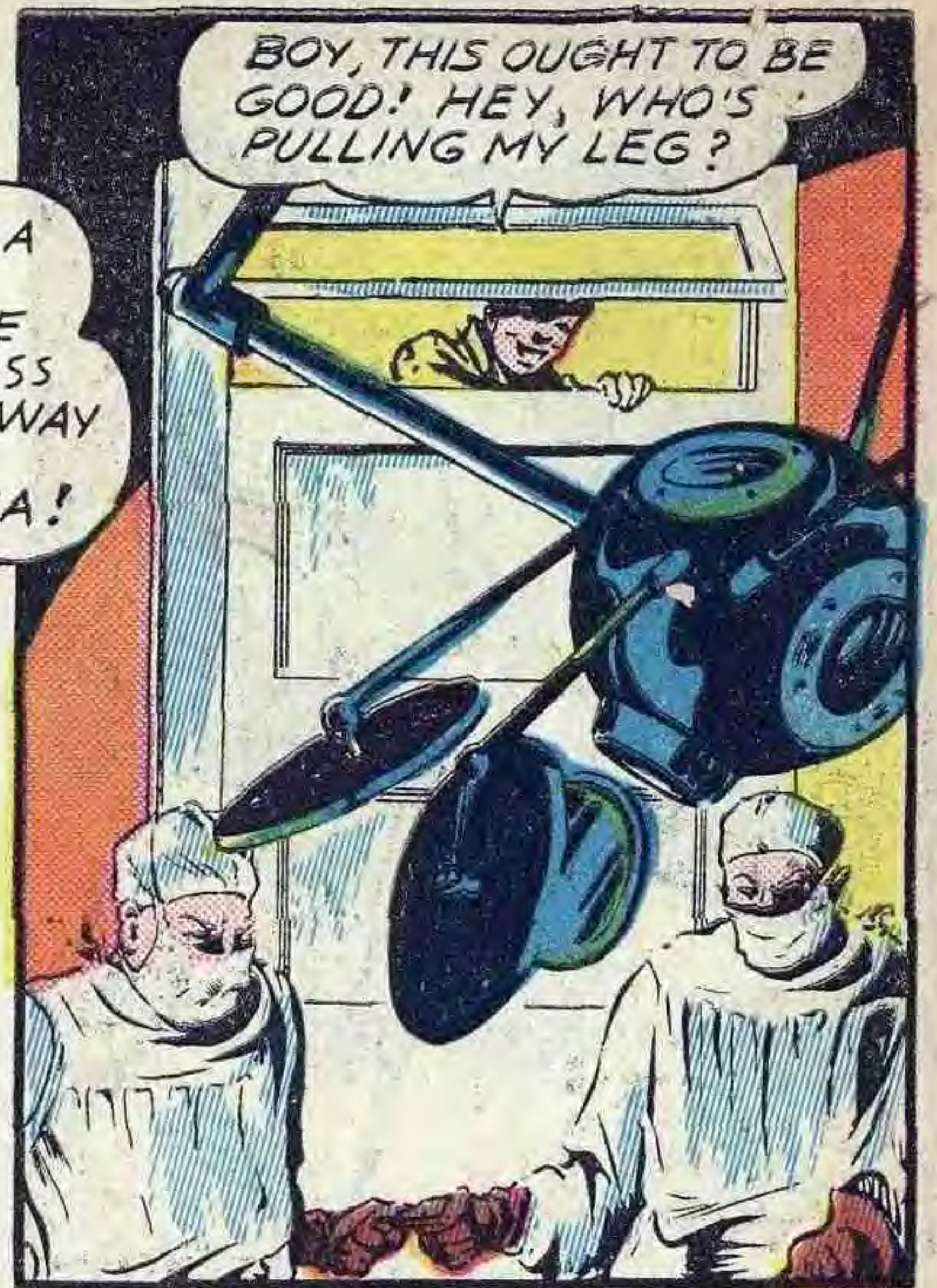


ONE BY ONE, THE CROWD TURNS INTO A PACK OF MAD MEN.



IT'S THE WAR CRY OF YANKEE DOODLE JONES AND DANDY.









GET HIM, YOU FOOLS! GET HIM, HURRY!



PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, RATS!



I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, YANKEE DOODLE JONES!



WHAT ABOUT DANDY?



SORRY, PAL.



ONE OF THE THUGS REACHES FOR HIS KNIFE



IN BACK OF YOU, YANKEE!

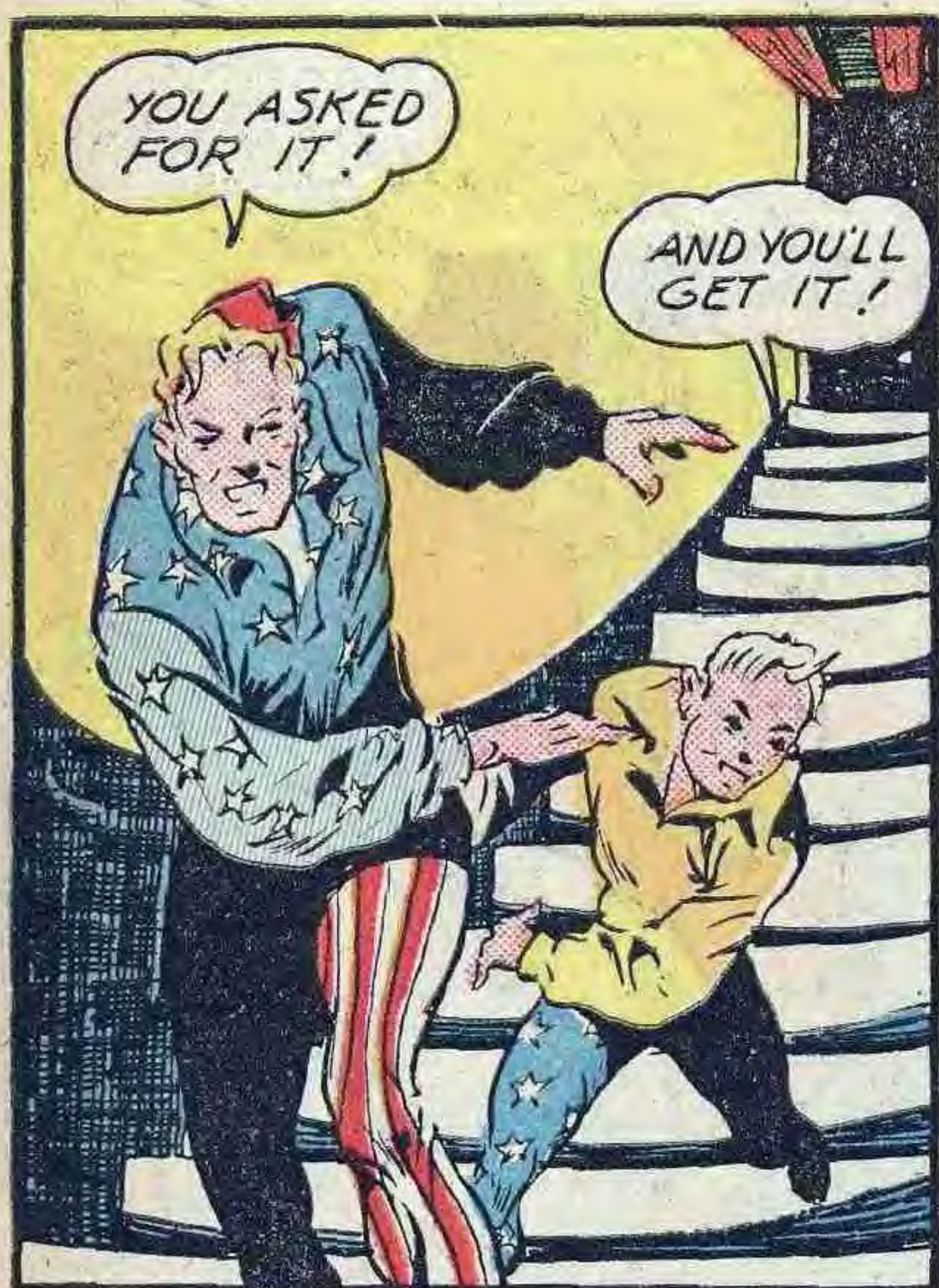


THANKS, LITTLE MAN!

ALLY-OOP!



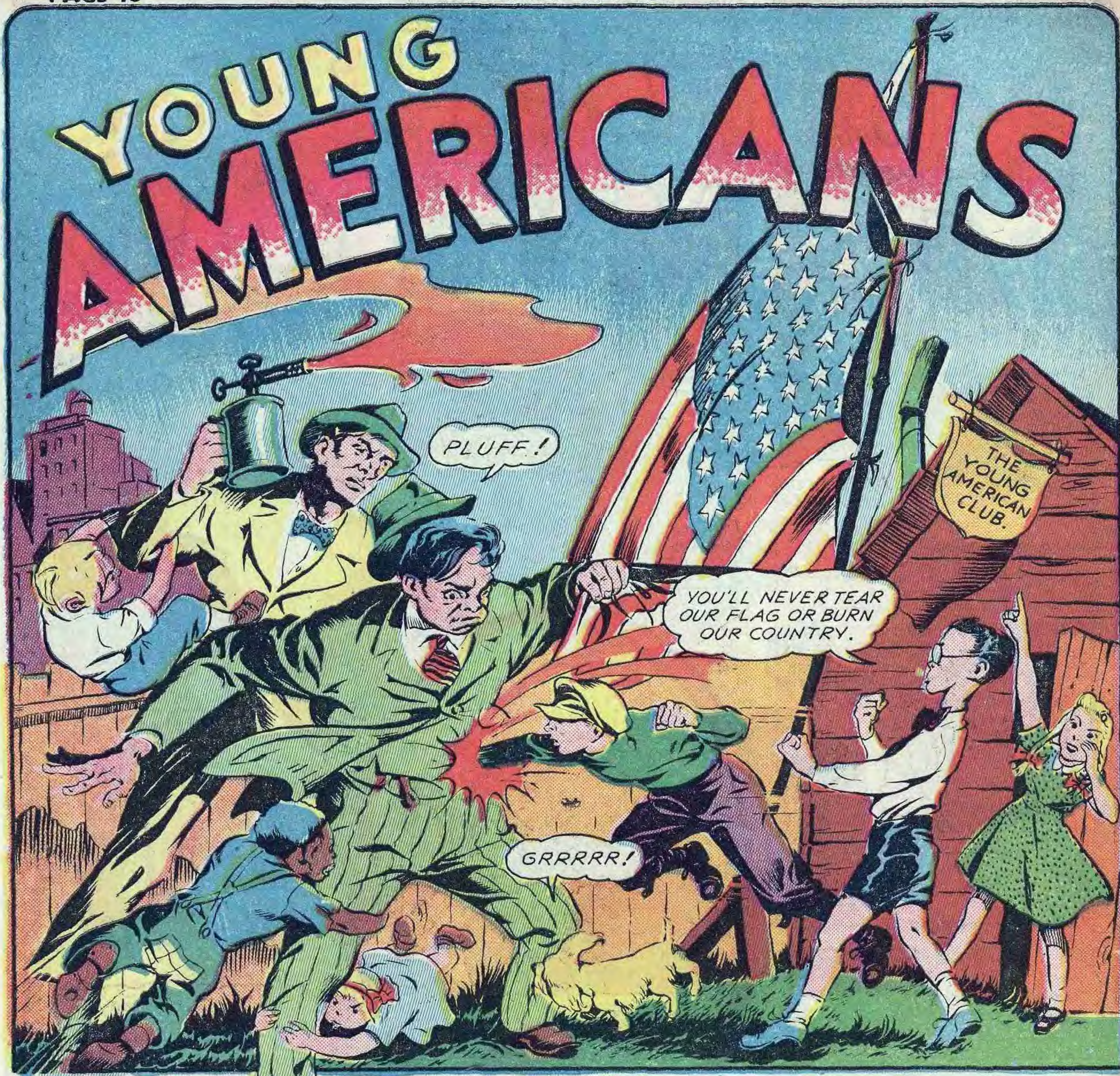
I HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL STOP THOSE TWO FOOLS!





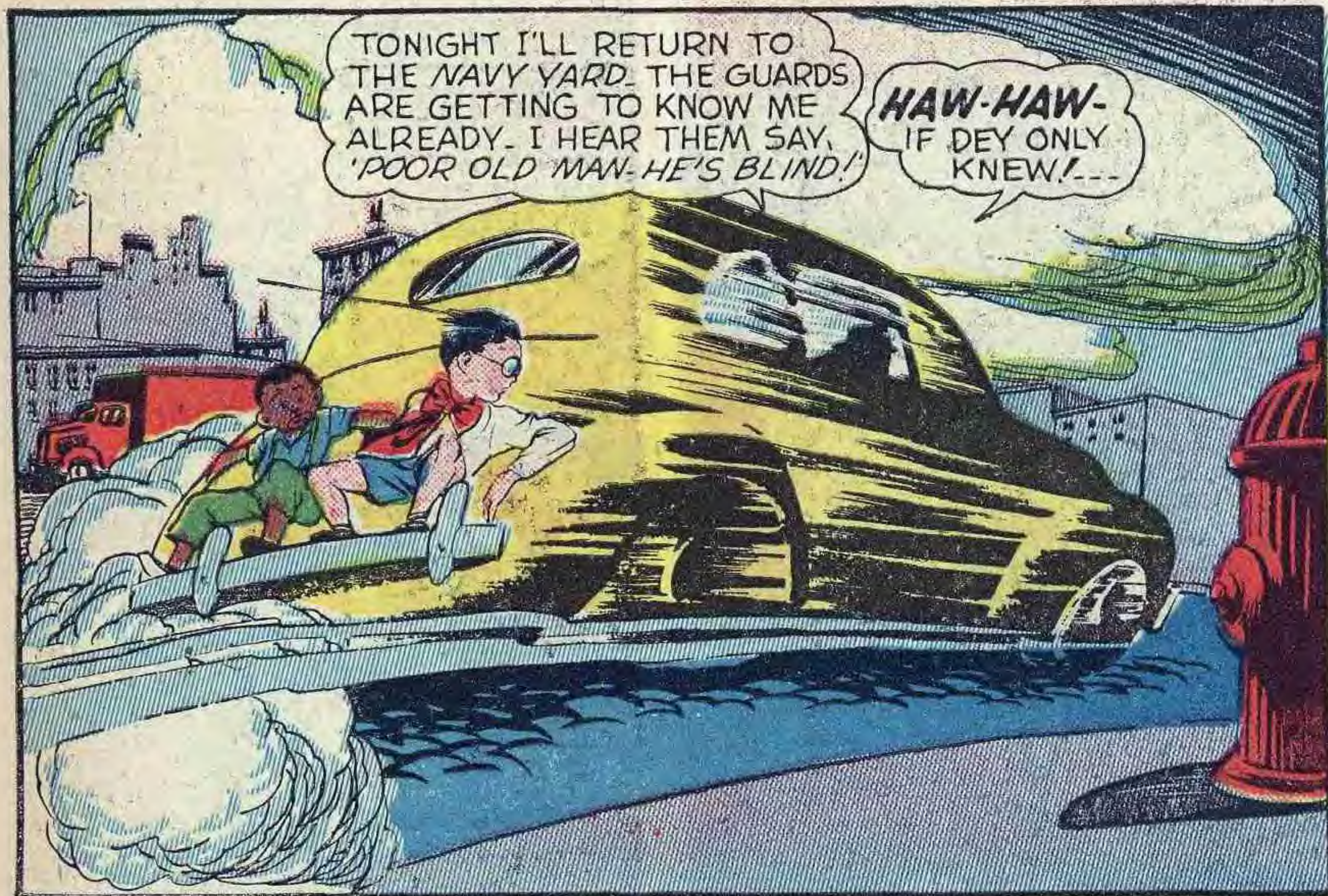
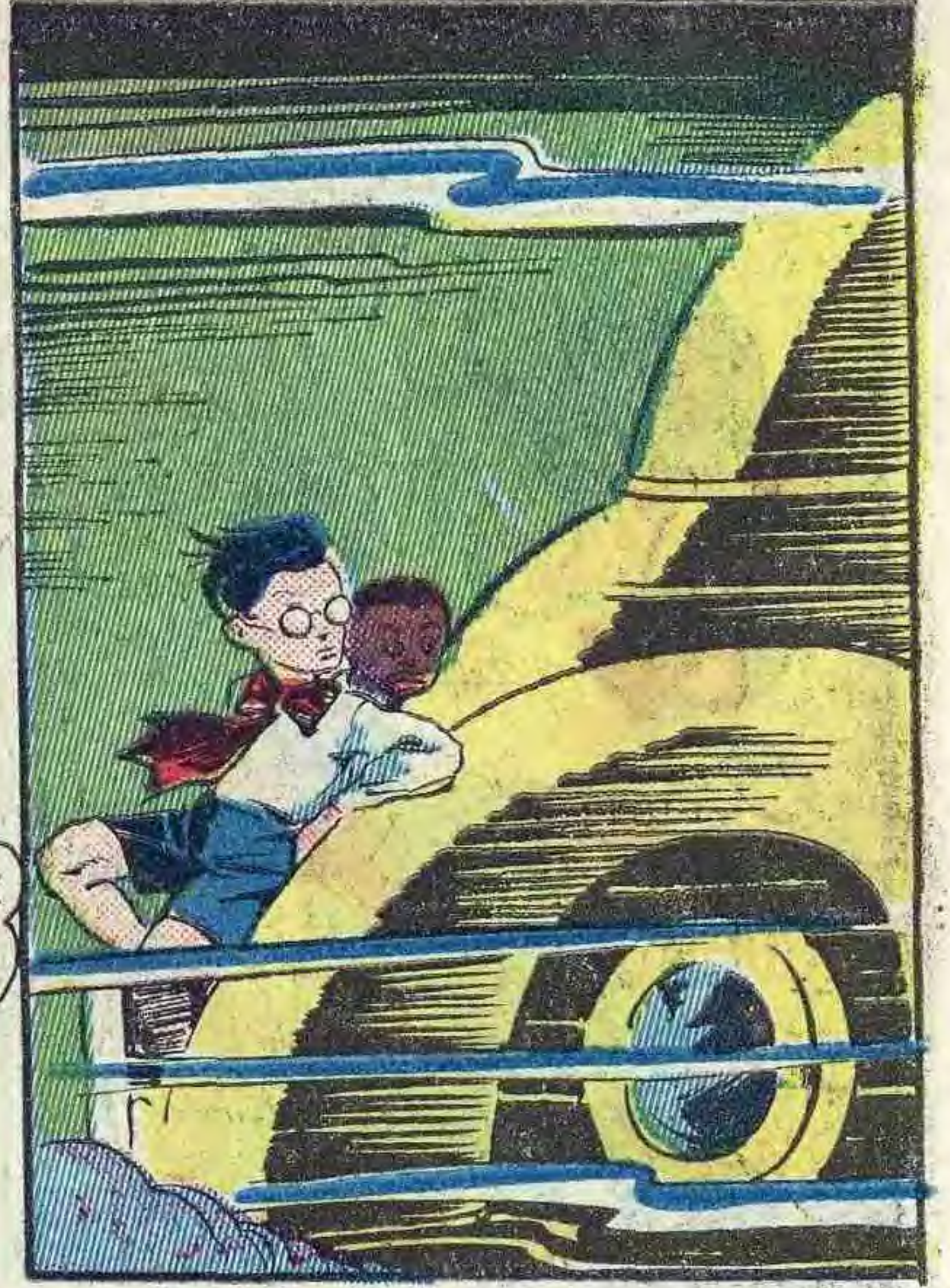
YOUR IN THE ARMY NOW



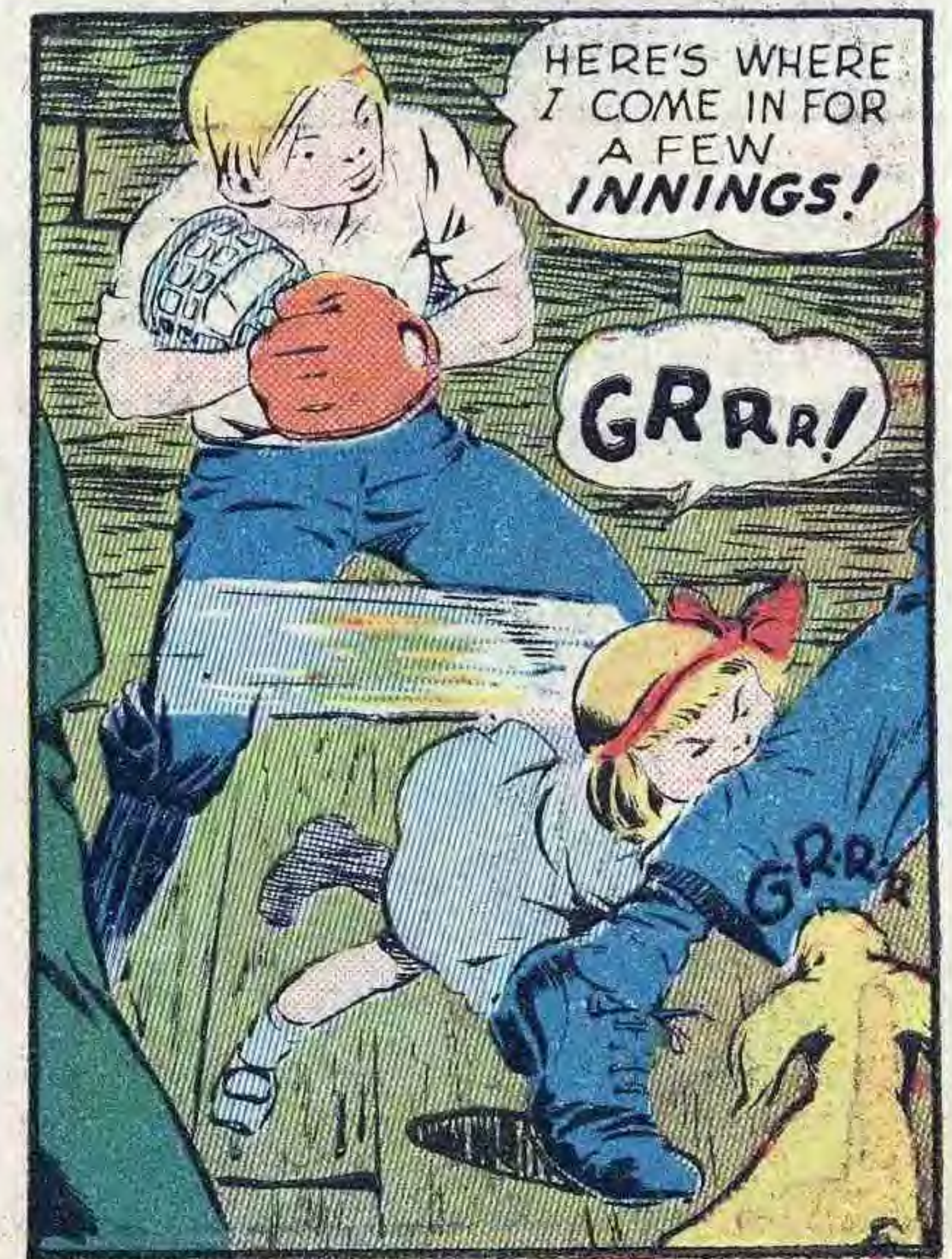


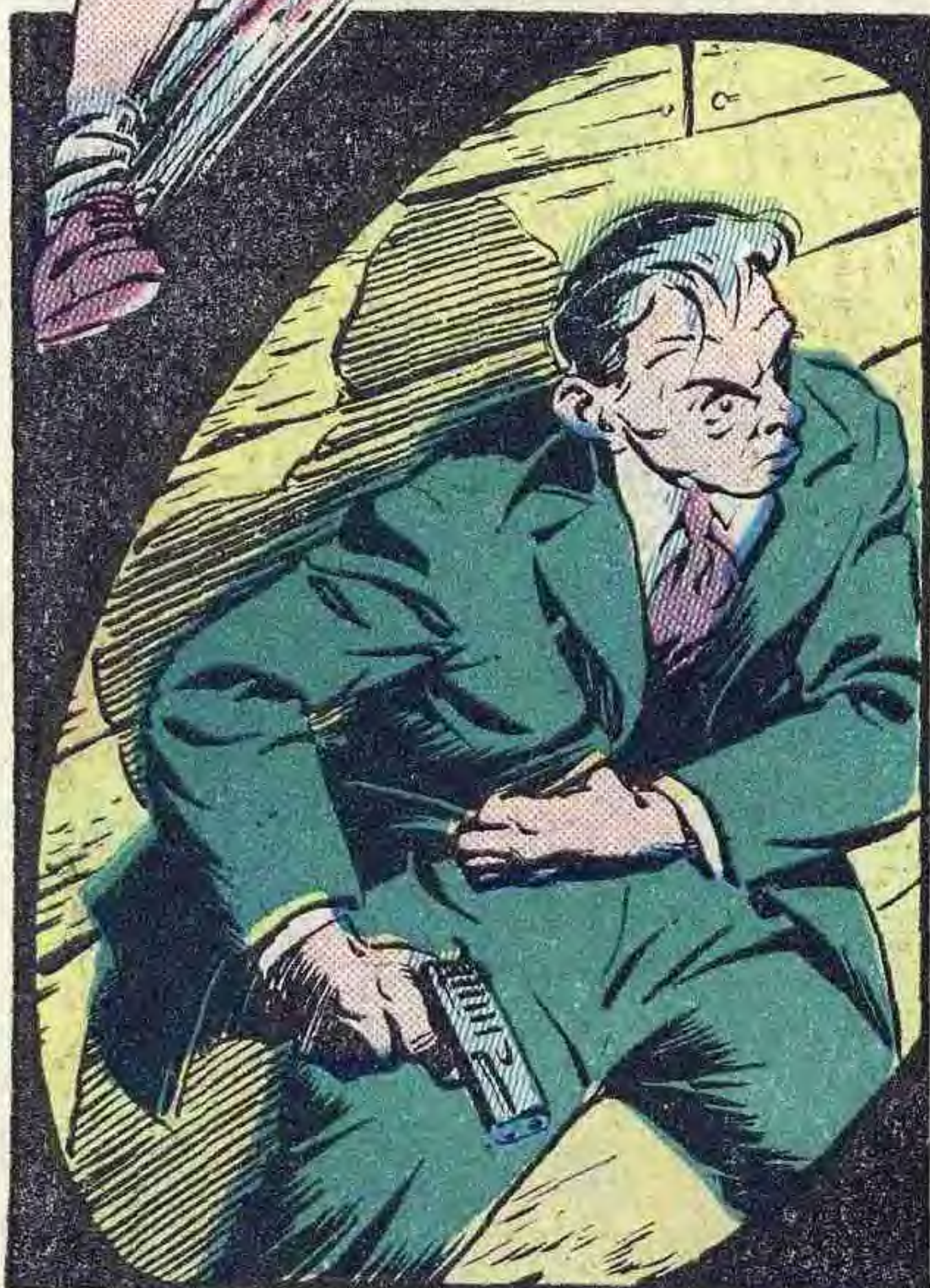














THE YOUNG AMERICANS AND THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE NAVY-YARD



Ima Sphinx

HER ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!



JOHNNY REBEL

S LIMY HANDS OF THOSE DISLOYAL
TO OUR GREAT DEMOCRACY
REACH TO OUR SOUTHERN
STATES, IN THEIR EFFORT TO
STEM THE UNITED STATES BIG
DEFENSE PROGRAM, BUT FIND
THEIR MASTER IN
JOHNNY REBEL,
MIGHTY GUARDIAN
OF THE
AMERICAN WAY.



IN THE DEEP SOUTH, COLONEL BAILEY RESTS ON THE LAWN OF HIS PLANTATION. WITH HIM IS HIS GRANDSON, JOHNNY AND HIS FAITHFUL BUTLER, RUFUS.



LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE VISITORS, JOHNNY.

AND WITH THE MARKET FLOODED WITH COTTON, WE OFFER YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO DISCHARGE YOUR HELP AND CEASE GROWING COTTON.



HOW DARE YOU? MY COUNTRY NEEDS COTTON FOR ITS DEFENSE PROGRAM!

GET OFF AND STAY OFF MY PROPERTY, YOU SLIMY DEVILS!

COLONEL! COLONEL BAILEY!

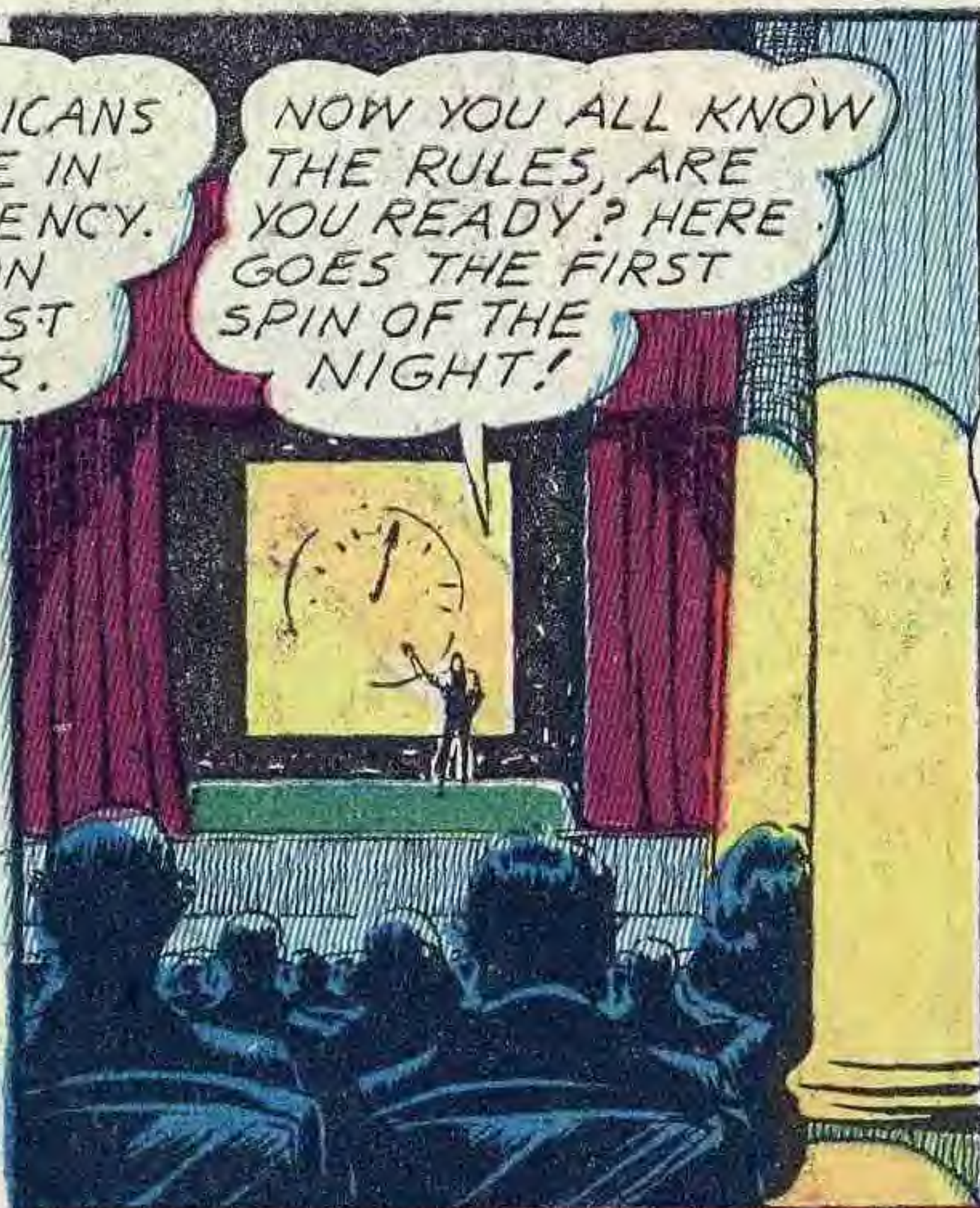


CONGRATULATIONS, COLONEL. THEY TRIED TO BRIBE ME TO STOP GROWING COTTON. BUT LIKE YOURSELF, I REFUSED.



ALL AMERICANS MUST UNITE IN THIS EMERGENCY. AND WE COTTON PLANTERS MUST STICK TOGETHER.

NOW YOU ALL KNOW THE RULES, ARE YOU READY? HERE GOES THE FIRST SPIN OF THE NIGHT!



EVENING, AT A LOCAL THEATRE IN TOWN, THE AUDIENCE PLAYS PRIZE-O.

AS THE FIRST NUMBER FLASHES ON THE SCREEN, A FIGURE RISES AND WALKS TO THE NEAREST EXIT.

MY NUMBER ON THE FIRST SPIN MEANS THAT I AM TO DO THE JOB, TO-NIGHT! WONDER WHO IS NEXT ON THE LIST?



OUTSIDE, A LIST OF NAMES IS CONSULTED.

COLONEL BAILEY IS THE LAST. HE OUGHT TO BE EASY!



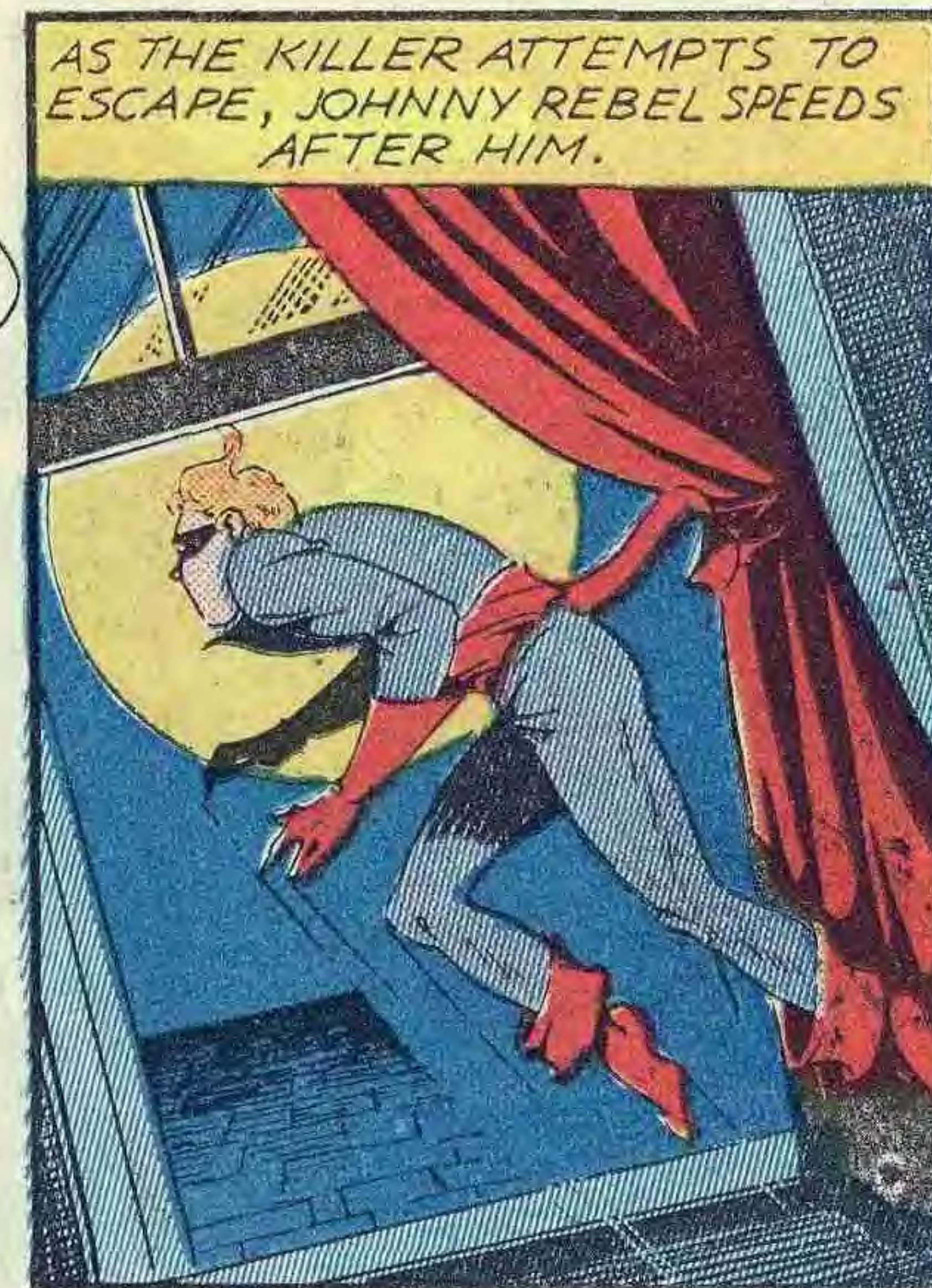
LATER THAT NIGHT... A SINISTER SHADOW CREEPS ACROSS THE LAWN OF THE PATRIOTIC COLONEL'S HOME.

MEANWHILE ON THE INSIDE...

THE LAD IS FIFTEEN, RUFUS, GIVE HIM THIS PACKAGE AND MY BEST WISHES.

I JUST KNOWS HE'S GONNA LOVE THIS PRESENT, SUH!













THE HAUNTED HILL



"Master Johnny, Master Johnny!" the excited voice of old Rufus brought fifteen-year-old Johnny Bailey out of a sound sleep.

"I seen them, seen them with my own eyes, the ghosts of Haunted Hill!" Rufus shouted at the startled lad. "They was all in white and carrying a body."

"What!" Johnny shouted, as he jumped out of bed. Quickly, he slipped into a grey uniform that resembled that of the old Confederate days but today stood as Young Johnny Rebel's threat to all enemies of the American way. "Rufus," he shouted, "I've told you over and over again, there are no such things as ghosts!"

The full moon cast weird shadows over the landscape as the figure of Johnny Rebel raced up the path that led to the top of the haunted hill.

Suddenly, he stopped short, as a huge white form rose in front of him. Johnny froze in his tracks.

The ghost came closer and closer. Swiftly the boy leaped at the white object—he clutched hard and through the outer covering, felt the touch of a human body. It was real! It was a man!

Wham! Like a piston he sank his fist into the pit of Mister Ghost. Here's something to remember

Johnny Rebel by!" he shouted, as he sent blow after blow at the struggling form, until the white sheeted figure lay in a crumpled heap on the ground. As Johnny gagged and bound his attacker, a voice cried, "Nice work, Steve, I knew you'd lay him out!" The speaker was not visible.

Instantly, Johnny Rebel whipped the white sheet off the man and threw it around himself.

"Coming," he whispered softly, in an effort to disguise his voice, as he approached the well-known cave of Haunted Hill.

Inside, through the dim light, he saw several men standing over a securely bound figure. One of the men removed a hot iron from a fire, looked at it and said, "The iron's ready." Instantly, the helpless figure was seized.

Johnny caught a glimpse of the man's face. It was Sullivan, the chemical engineer at the navy yard!

The man with the hot iron bent close. "Now, do I get that poison gas formula—or shall I roast the skin off your?" But, the sentence remained unfinished. Johnny Rebel removed the white sheet, rolled it into a ball and hurled it in the speaker's face.

With a mighty leap, he landed atop the startled figure. Both men

fell to the ground and struggled. The hot iron drew closer to Johnny's face. Swiftly, his right hand shot out and clutched the iron. Looking up for a moment, Johnny saw a shadow on the wall. A gun coming down toward his head. Johnny ducked and the butt struck the skull of the man with the iron. Swiftly, the boy brought his right shoulder up into the chin of the newcomer.

"Two down!" Johnny yelled, as he turned to the remaining one charging at him.

"Here goes!" he shouted, as he dived into a somersault, smacking his feet against the side of the thug's face sending him crashing against the stone wall, head first.

All of them out cold Johnny rushed to the helpless Sullivan and freed him.

"Thank you, thank you," the engineer said weakly. "With men, I mean, er, boys like you, this country has nothing to fear!"

Outside the cave, Johnny instructed the engineer to explain everything to the approaching police and vanished into the darkness.

A short while later, Johnny lay on his bed as old Rufus entered and said, "I sent the police when you didn't come right back. You're right, Master Johnny, there are no ghosts—but bad humans!"

THE ECHO

IT TAKES ALL THE POWERS OF VENTRILOQUISM, THE BELT OF INVISIBILITY AND THE RADIOACTIVE RING FOR THE ECHO TO COMBAT THE FORCES OF EVIL WHICH BESET THE OLD MANSION OF HIRAM QUICK.



THE ECHO, SWIFT STRIKING FOE OF CRIME, ENJOYS AN AFTERNOON WITH HIS BROTHER, DOCTOR DOOM AND HIS SISTER, CORA.

EXCELLENT TEA, CORA!

YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT CORA IS QUITE DOMESTIC.

BOTH OF YOU STOP JESTING AND..... LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE BOY IN TROUBLE! HE'S COMING HERE!

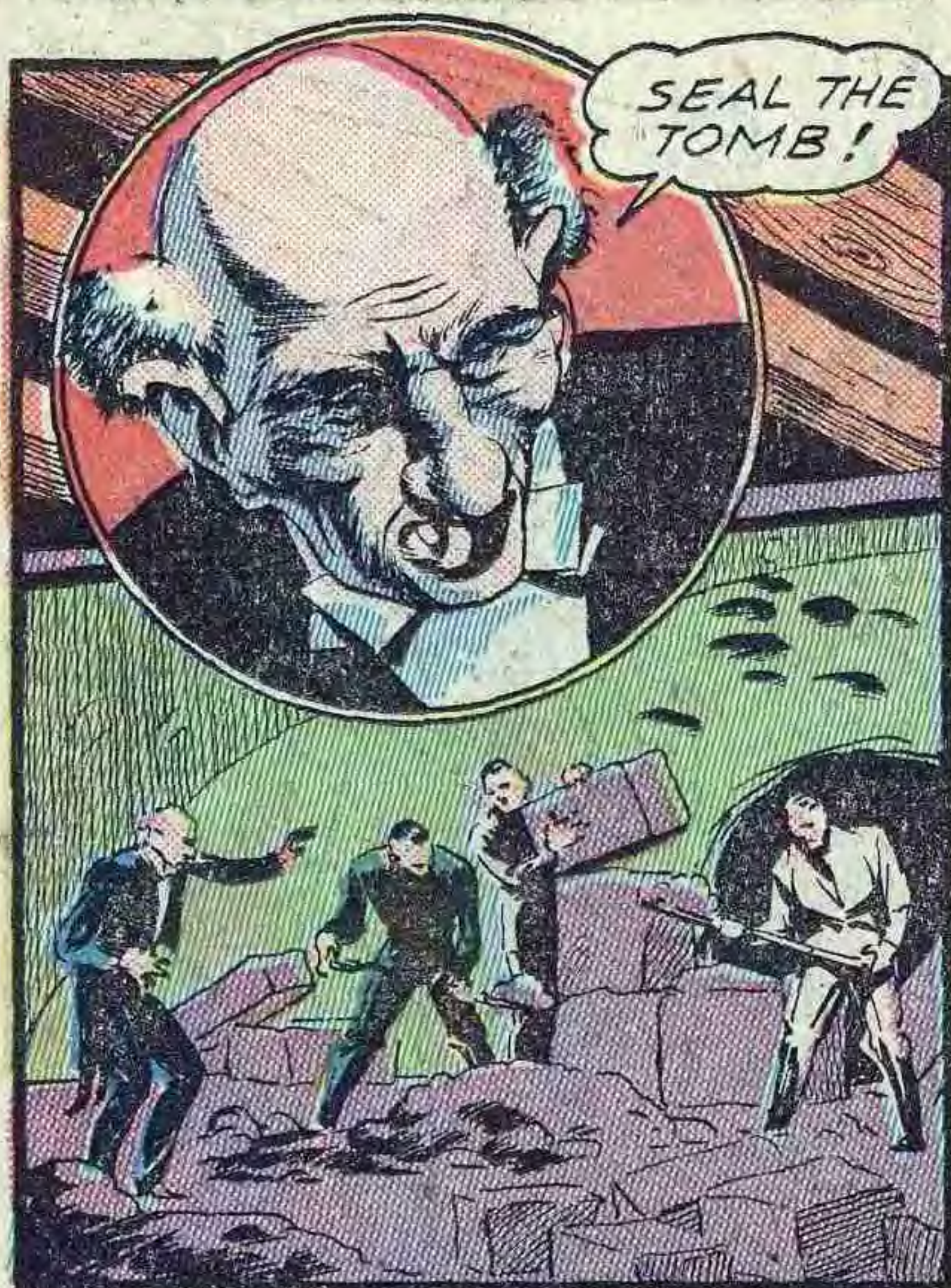












SEAL THE TOMB!



WHILE ON THE INSIDE, DOCTOR DOOM APPLIES HIS MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE TO AID HIS BROTHER.

THIS WILL REVIVE ECHO... THE REST IS UP TO HIM TO GET US OUT OF HERE.



WHAT... WHERE AM I? IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN TROUBLE, CORA!

ECHO, QUICK! WE'LL BE SEALED IN HERE!



STOP... YOU LABOR IN VAIN!

FULLY RECOVERED, THE ECHO THROWS HIS VOICE OUTSIDE OF THE TOMB.



ONCE AGAIN, THE ECHO ADOPTS HIS INVISIBLE FORM.

HEY! IT'S MOVING BY ITSELF... I'M NUTS... HELP!



OOOOFFF!

NOT A BAD SHOT AT THAT!



HERE I AM BOYS, CATCH ME!

WHERE?



ONCE AGAIN, THE ECHO ASSUMES HIS NORMAL SHAPE.

WHILE THEY'RE BUSY CHASING NOTHING... I'LL GET THE OTHERS OUT!



HERE THEY COME, NOW WATCH THE FUN!

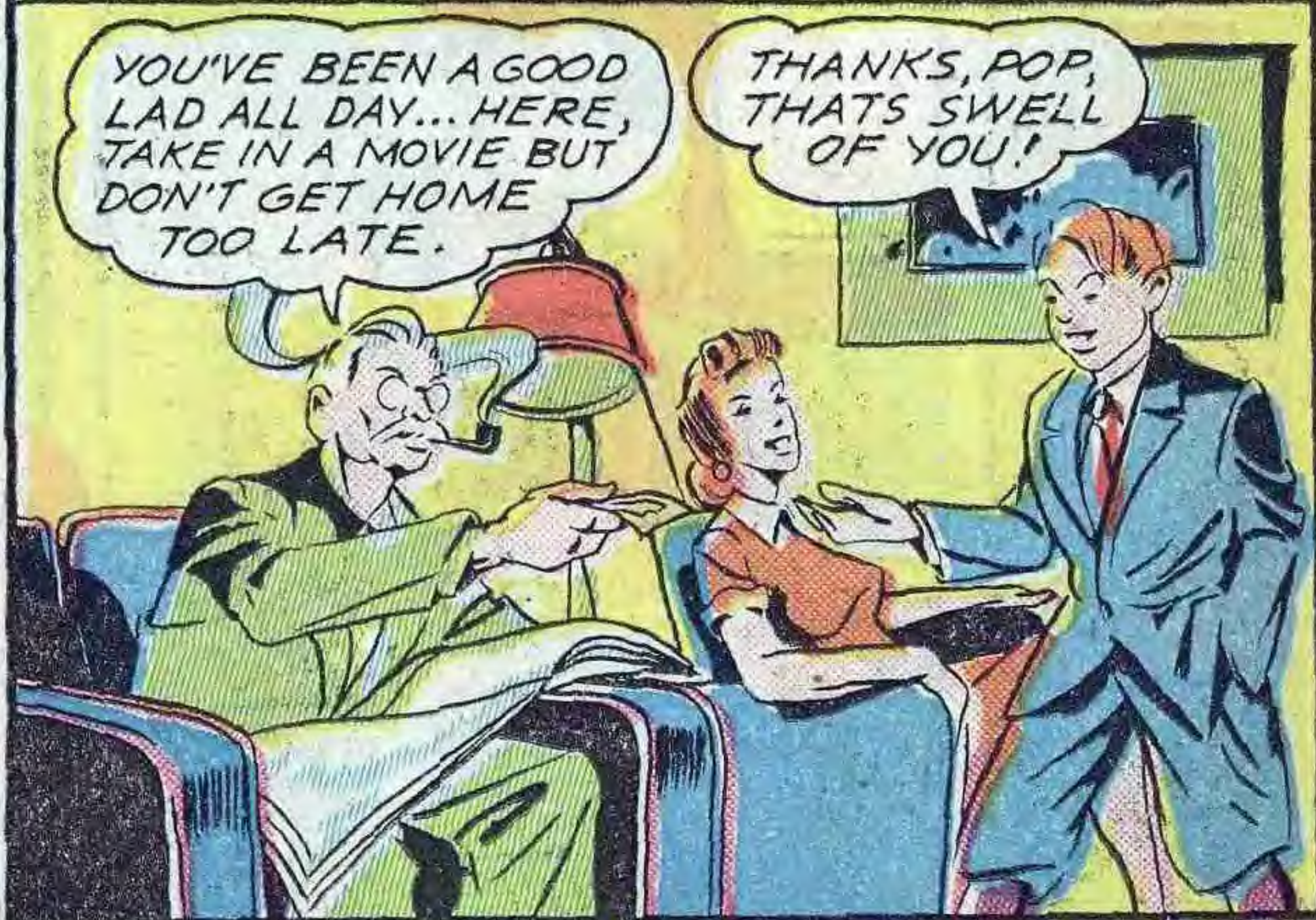


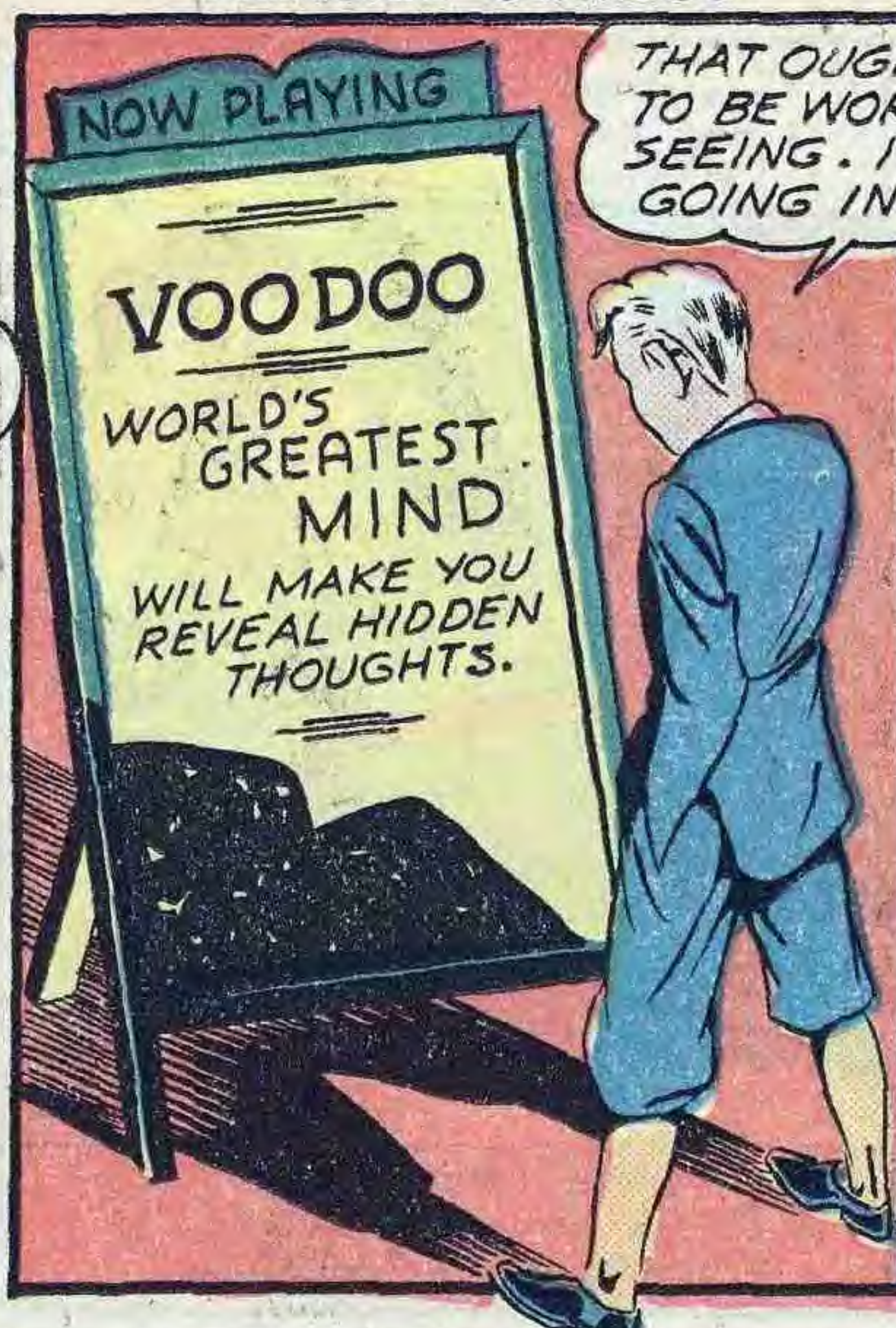


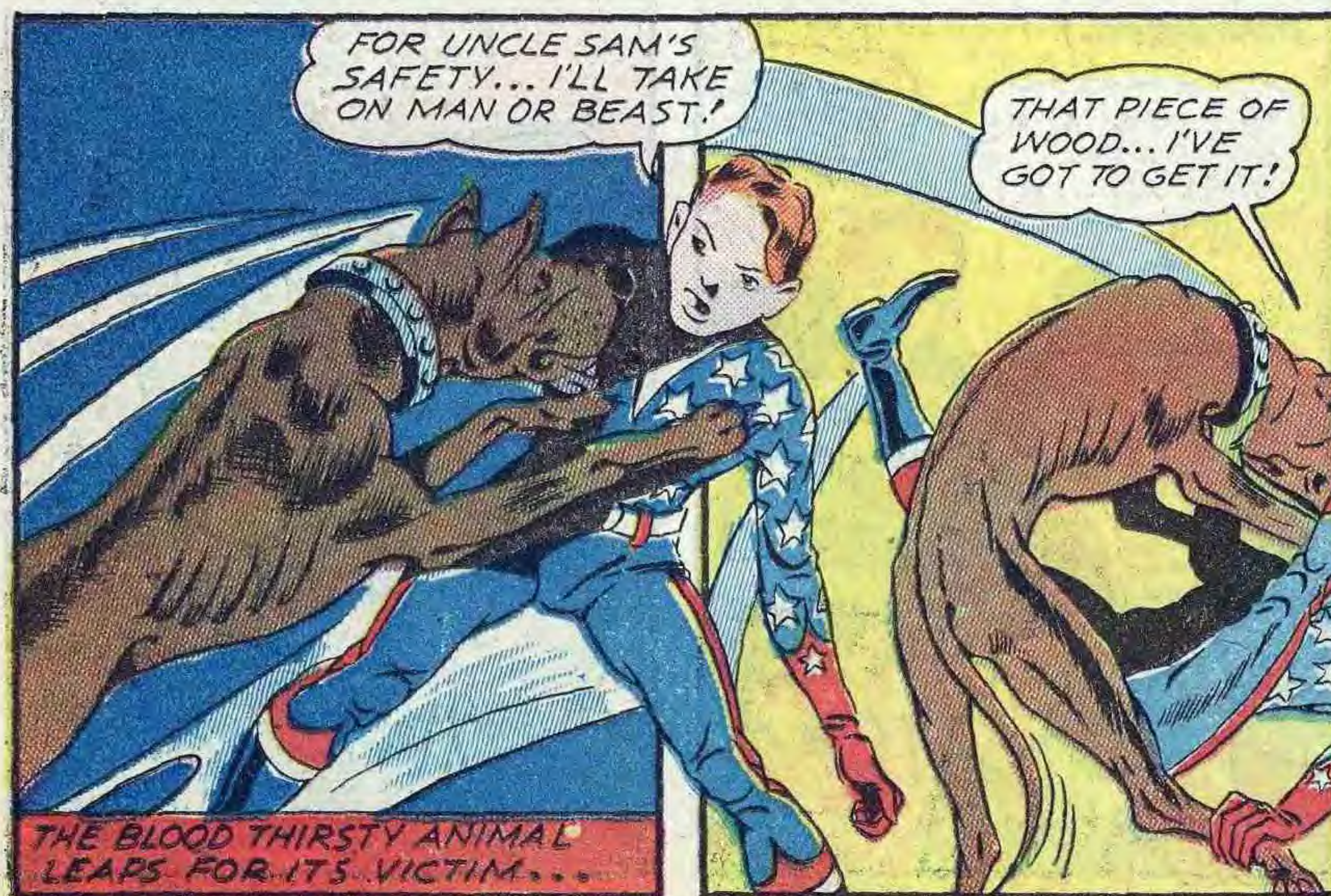
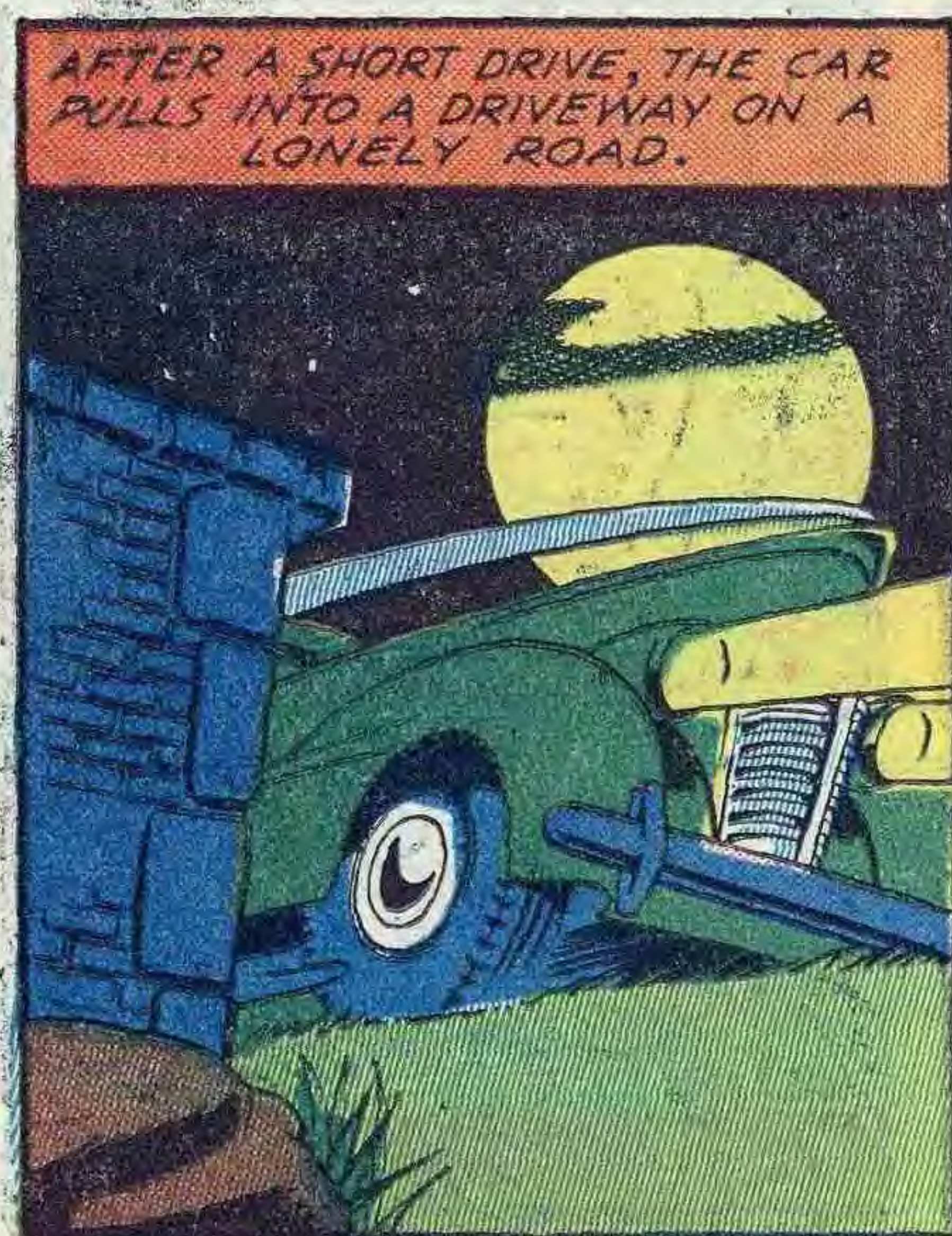
EARLY EVENING, AT THE HOME OF THE MARTINS, AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILY.

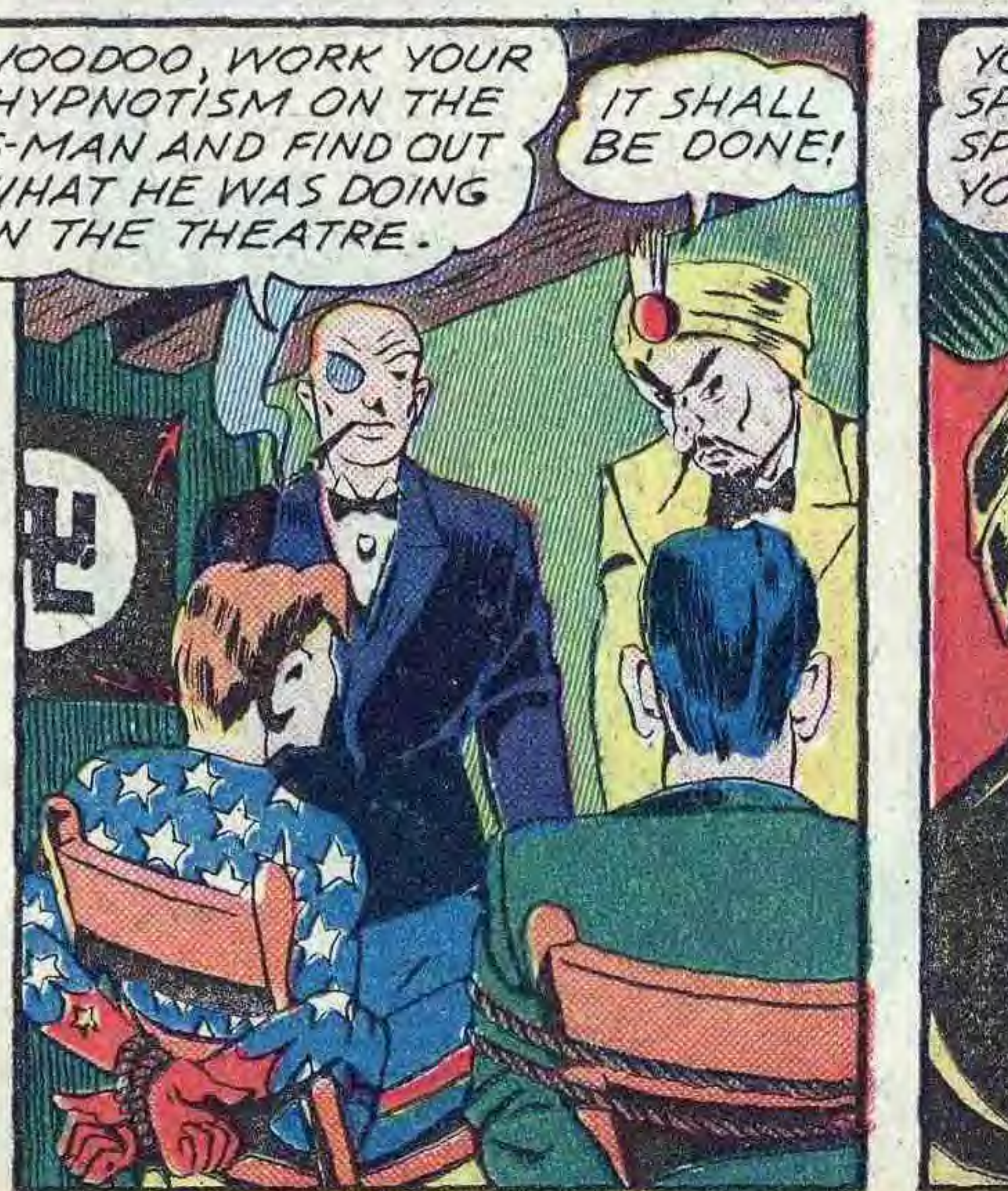
YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD LAD ALL DAY... HERE, TAKE IN A MOVIE BUT DON'T GET HOME TOO LATE.

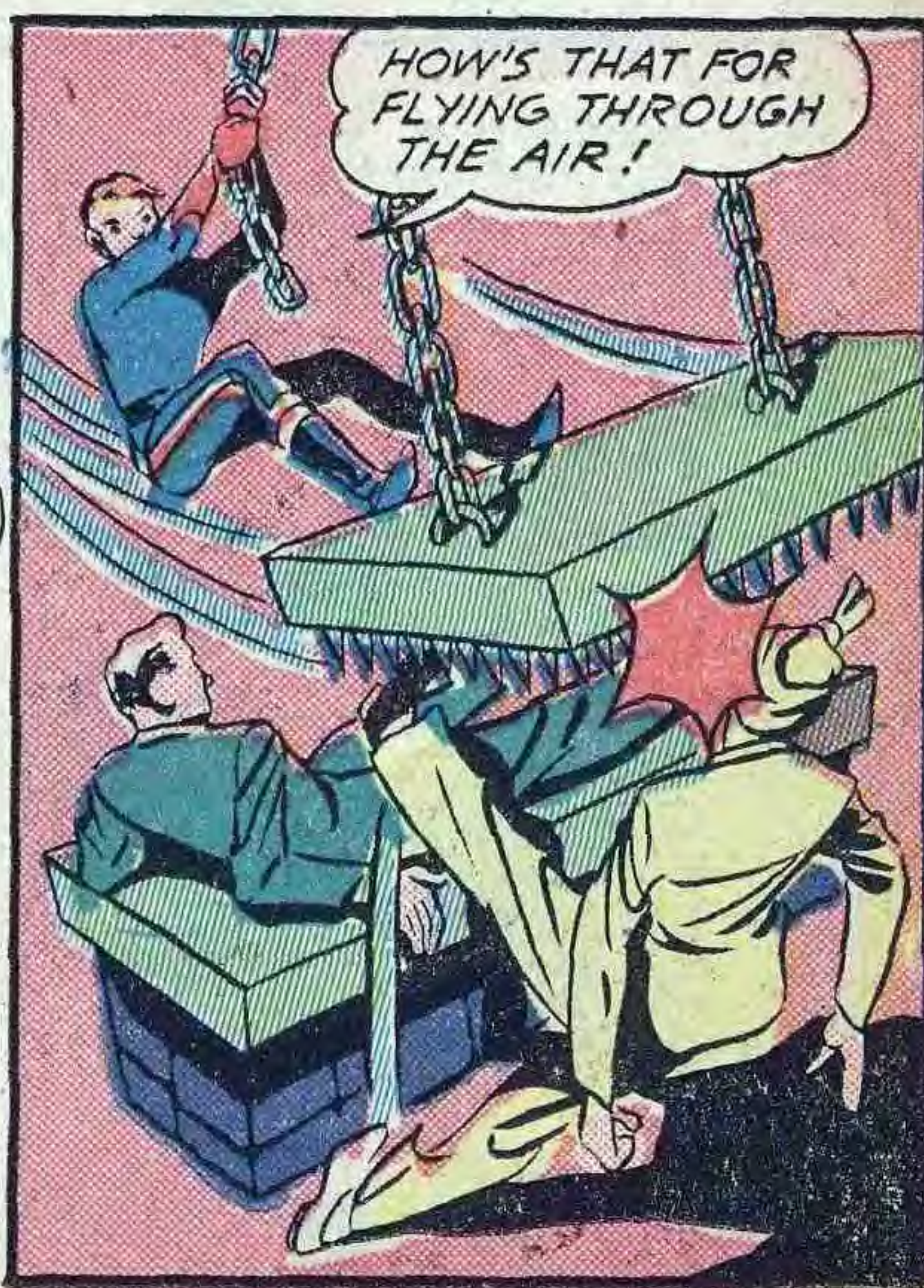
THANKS, POP, THAT'S SWELL OF YOU!



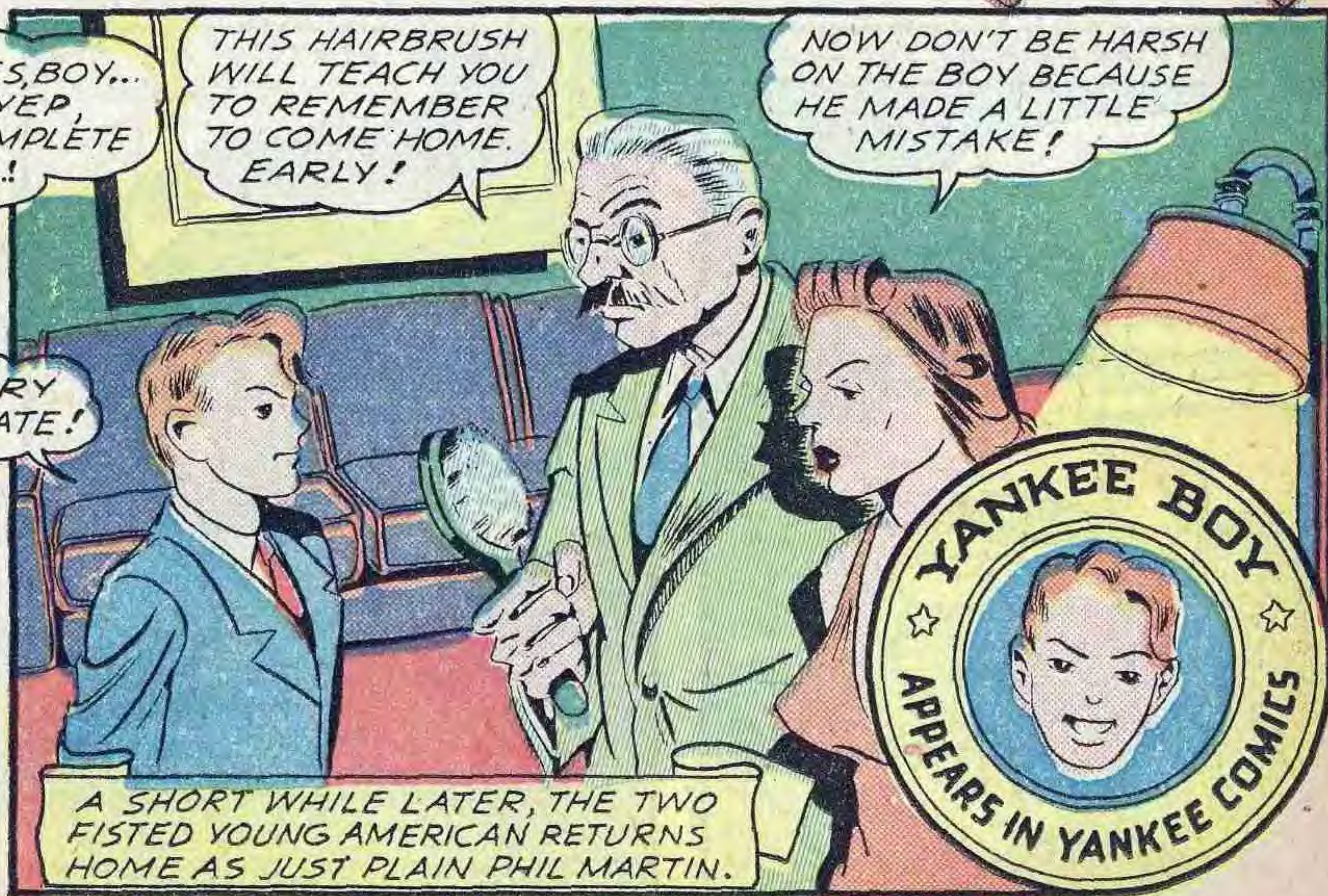
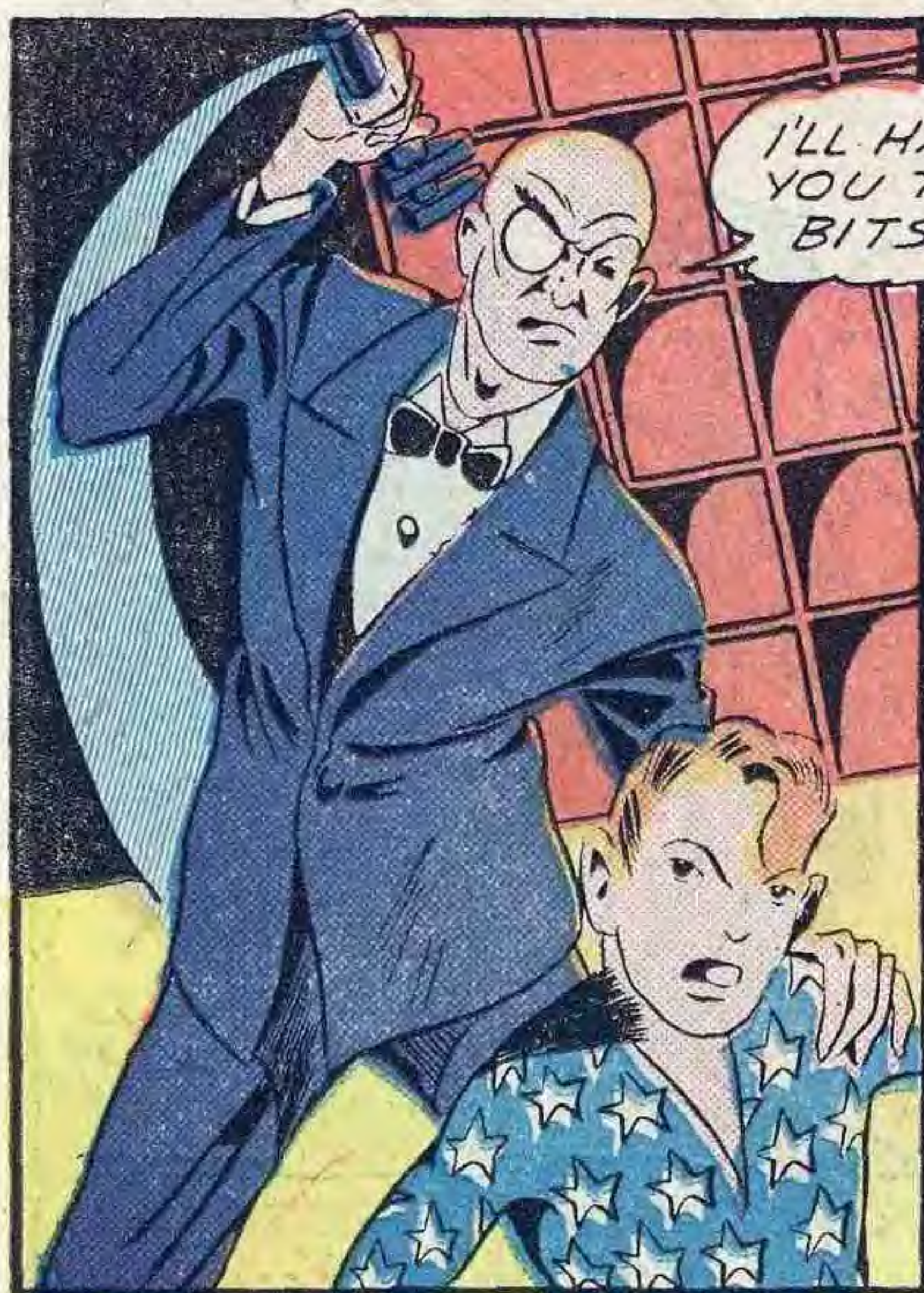
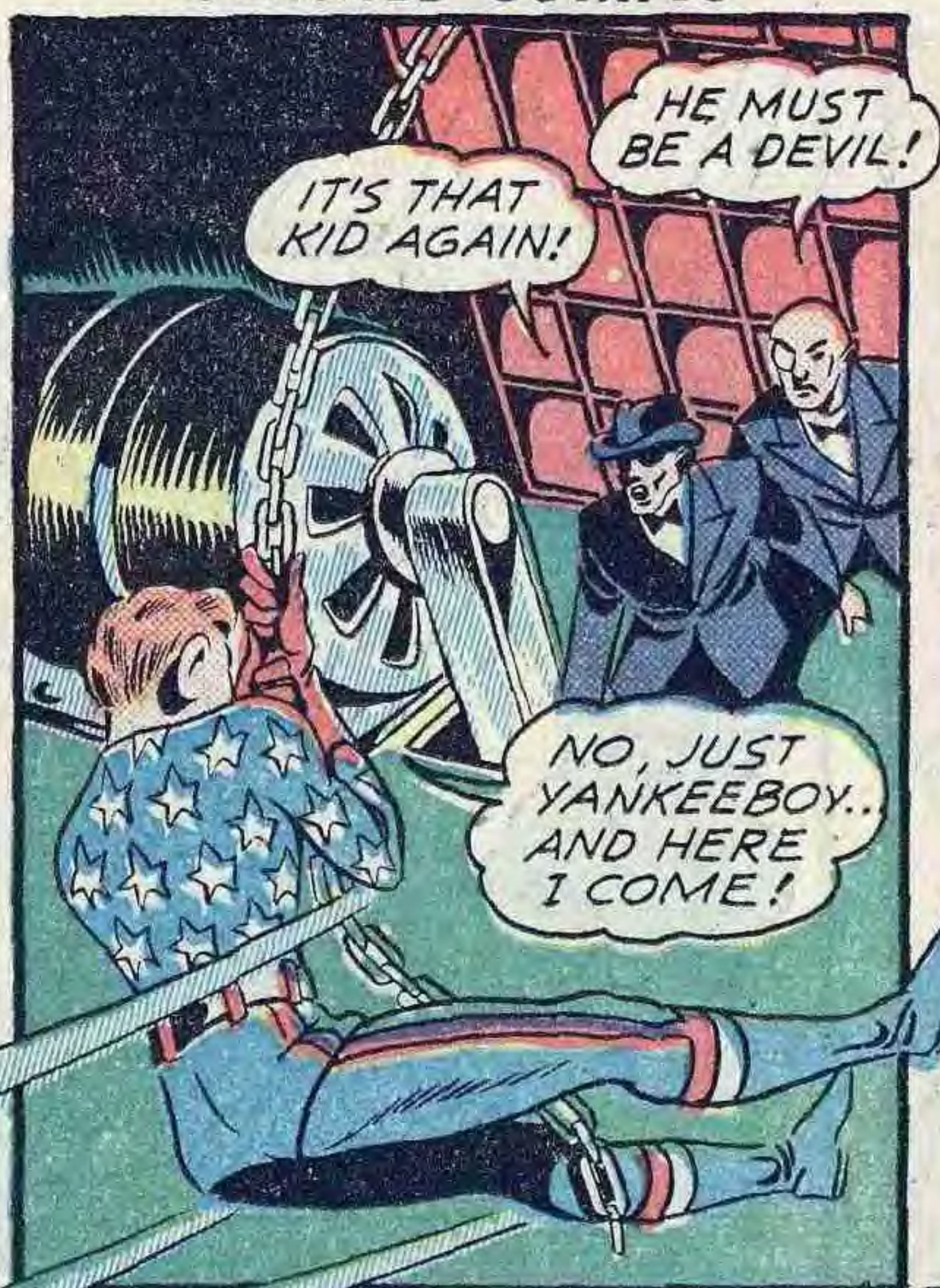












MIDNIGHT INTRUDER



"Hey, Bobby," shouted young Phil Martin at Bobby Finan. "Why weren't you in school today? Your Mother sick?"

There were tears in Bobby's eyes as he faced Phil. "Nothing is the matter," he blurted out and started to leave.

Phil grabbed him. "We're pals, Bobby," he said curtly. "Speak!"

"If I only knew where Yankeeboy lived—he'd help me!" Bobby sobbed, little suspecting that the boy before him was that famous young American.

"Perhaps, if you tell me the trouble, I might be able to get in touch with him," Phil said sharply.

Bobby's face brightened. He knew Phil, on many occasions, had served as a contact man for Yankeeboy. "My father's an auditor at the National Bank," the youth began slowly. "Last night he said he had to work late and didn't come home at all. Mr. Gray, the president, and a policeman came to the house early this morning, looking for father. Mr. Gray said there was a lot of money missing and it looked as though my father had run away with it." Bobby tensed, as he added, "My daddy wouldn't steal money and leave mother and me!"

"I believe you, Bobby," Phil broke in. "Now, go on home and take care of your mother. I'll try to let Yankeeboy know about this, somehow!"

... That night, while the house-

hold slept, Phil Martin removed his red, white and blue Yankeeboy uniform from a loose floor board, in his room. Dressed, he slipped out the window and down the water spout to the street below.

"The criminals usually return to the scene of their crime, so I'll try it anyway," Yankeeboy muttered aloud, as he made his way to the National Bank. He glanced up and down the street. It was dark and deserted. A tree stood outside the bank. Quickly, he concealed himself in its foliage.

... Hours rolled by, when a car drew up under Yankeeboy's perch. Two men got out. Yankeeboy recognized one as Mr. Gray, the bank president, the other was a total stranger.

Mr. Gray spoke quietly, but loud enough for Yankeeboy to hear. "Finan found the shortages so I stalled him and made him come back at night. When we were alone, I hit him over the head and locked him in a vault. We must get rid of him, now!"

"That will be easy," the stranger said. "A stone tied to his neck and a drop from the bridge will take care of him. The money he is supposed to have taken, like the other funds you supplied us with, will be used to purchase defense information. Some day, when our glorious leader..."

The stranger stopped as another voice broke in, "...who will never set foot in any part of this country!"

And with that, Yankeeboy dropped from the tree to the figures below. A vigorous swing of his foot and he kicked the stranger full smack in the face, sending him to the ground a bloody mess.

Yankeeboy turned to see the bank president whipping out an ugly automatic. But, before he could get it into position to aim, the lad sent a vicious right cross that knocked the gun out of Gray's hand and followed through to the pit of his stomach. The man gasped under the blow. Bam! Yankeeboy's fists pumped like powerful pistons until a crack on the chin sent the bank president crumpling to the ground.

Making sure the two would not get up for some time, Yankeeboy ran to a police call box and phoned his story to a sleepy sergeant.

The following day, newspapers gave an account of the night's proceedings, informing the public of the traitorous deeds of Mr. Gray and his companion. And that night, Bobby and his father called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

Mr. Finan shook Phil's hand and said, "I know it was through you that Yankeeboy learned of my trouble—and cleared my name."

"That Yankeeboy! Why couldn't my son be like him!" interrupted Phil's father.

"He is, Dad," Phil said to himself, smilingly, "and someday I might tell you."

The Enchanted DAGGER

FEARLESSLY, ROGER CHALMERS, KNOWN ONLY AS THE ENCHANTED DAGGER, BATTLES AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS IN A STRUGGLE TO FREE THE RESTAURANT OWNERS FROM THE GRIP OF A RUTHLESS BAND.



Washington
The Press & Guardian
EXTRA
2 MORE RESTAURANTS
STRUCK BY
THE GREEN PLAGUE
STRANGE MALADY OVERCOMES PATRONS OF CITY'S FAMOUS RESTAURANTS. LAW SUITS PILE UP AS FOOD CHANGES GUESTS COMPLEXIONS TO A HIDEOUS GREEN COLOR! POLICE ARE BAFFLED.

FROM A HIGH PERCH, ROGER CHALMERS, THE ENCHANTED DAGGER, STANDS AS A MIGHTY ANSWER TO THE THREATENING PLAGUE.



THE COOK'S LEAVING EXCITED AND IN A HURRY... WONDER WHY?



INSTANTLY, THE MIGHTY GUARDIAN LEAPS TO INVESTIGATE.



THE STUFF IS IN THE SOUP, QUICK! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY START TO SERVE IT.

HEY, LOOK!



YOUR TALK AND THE RESTAURANT TROUBLE FIT TOGETHER TOO WELL!

UGH! WHAT TH-



LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



FROM NOW ON IT'S REAL WORK.



HERE IS YOUR PARTNER!



LOOK, THOSE OTHER PEOPLE HAVE TURNED GREEN TOO!

HELP!

HELP! MY FACE IS TURNING GREEN!

SUDDENLY, AN EXCITED CROWD RUSHES INTO THE STREET.



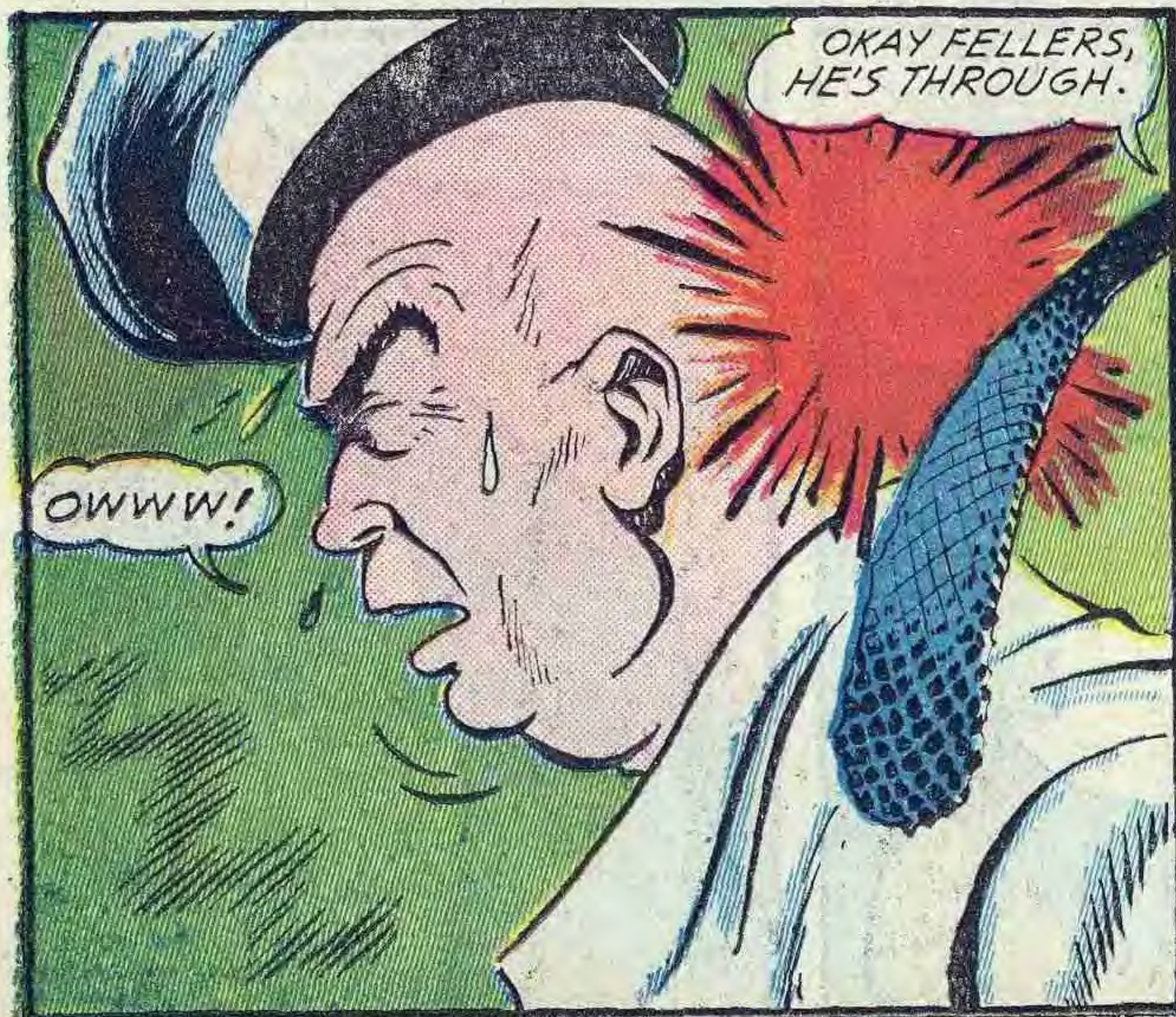
THE FACES OF THE GUESTS ARE ALL A GHASTLY GREEN.

AGATHA, YOU LOOK GHASTLY! I MUST TAKE YOU TO A DOCTOR.

YOU ARE GREEN, TOO! EVERYBODY IS GREEN!

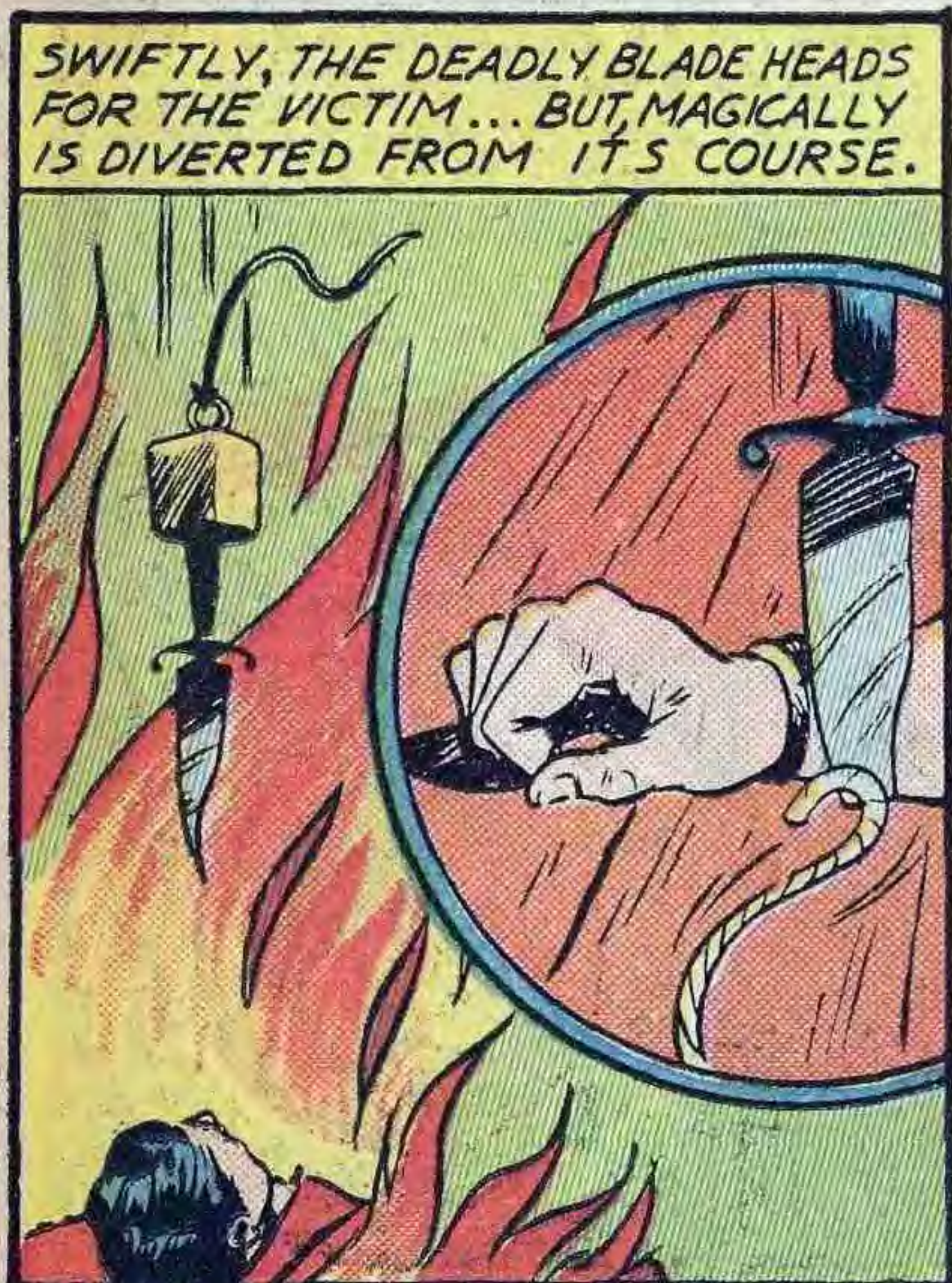
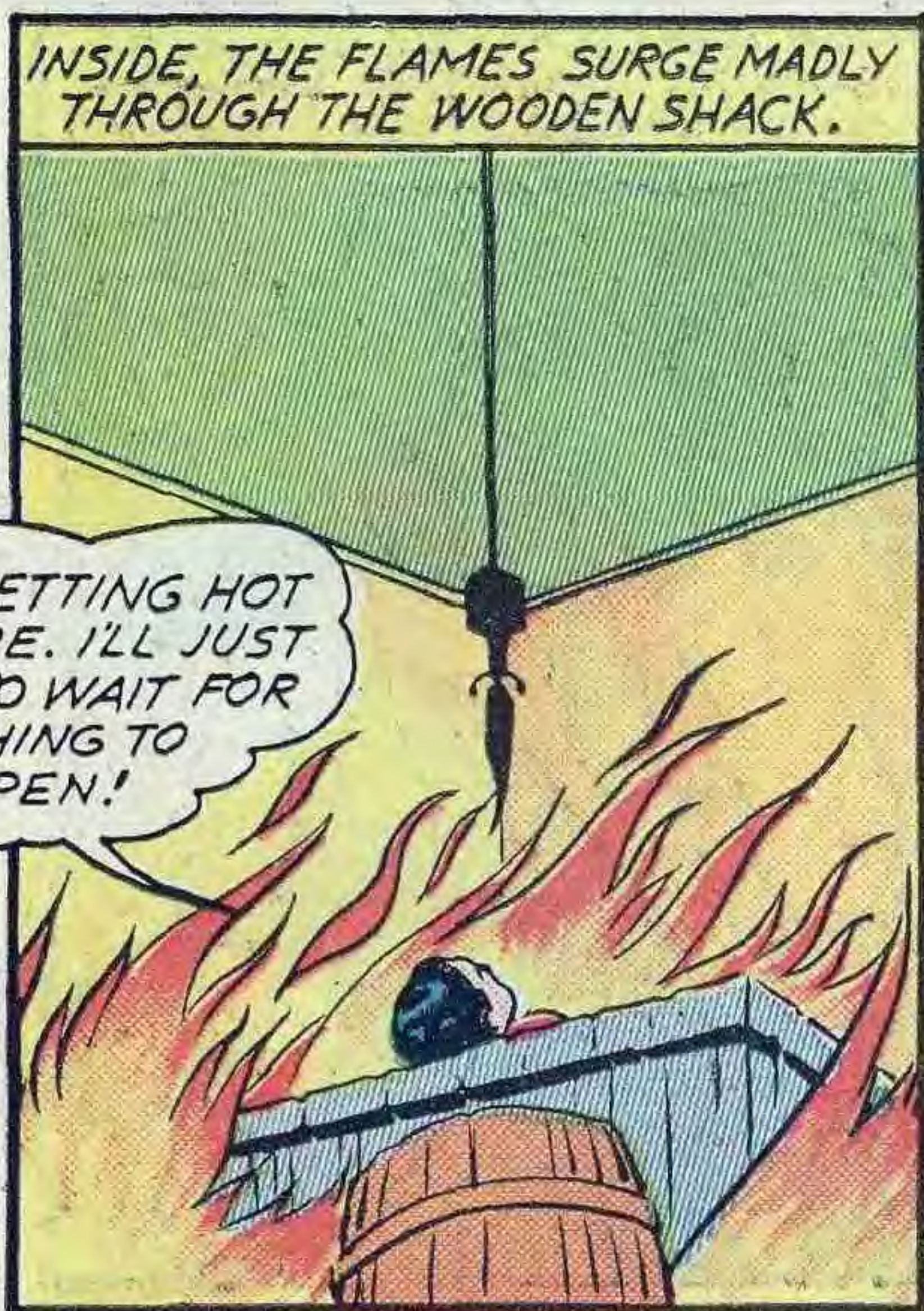


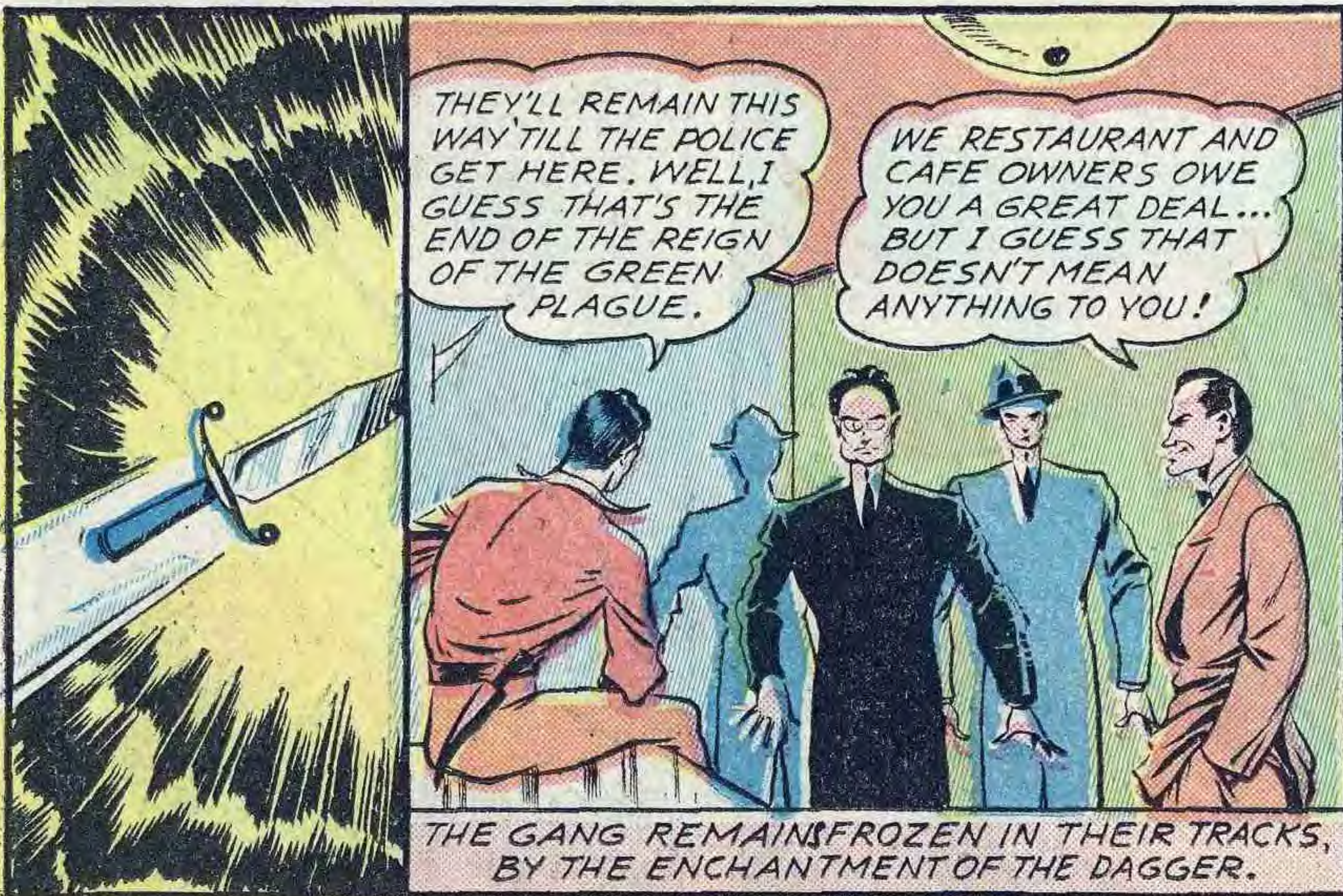
HA, HA. EVERYBODY HAS TURNED GREEN BUT ME, HA, HA!





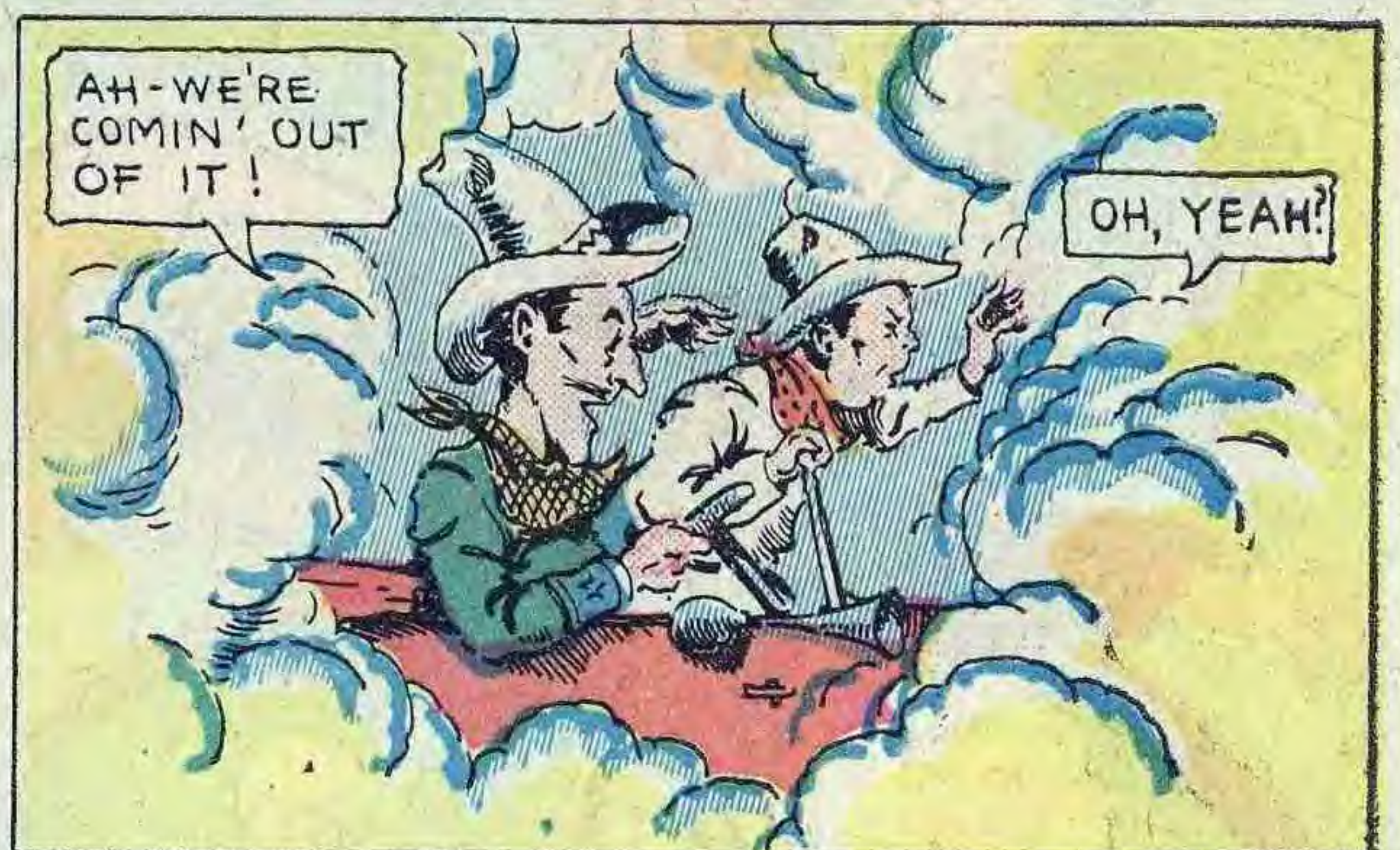
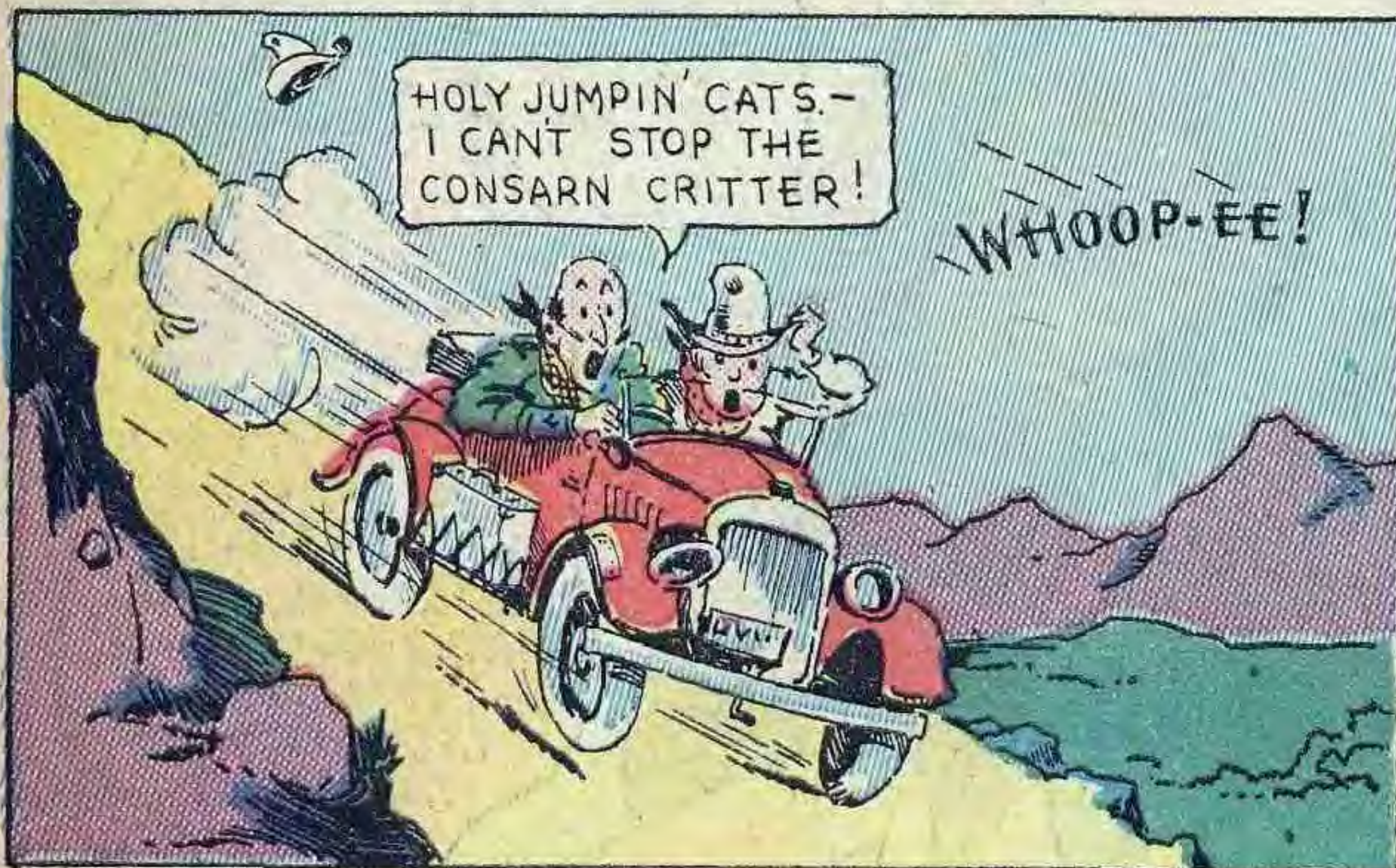
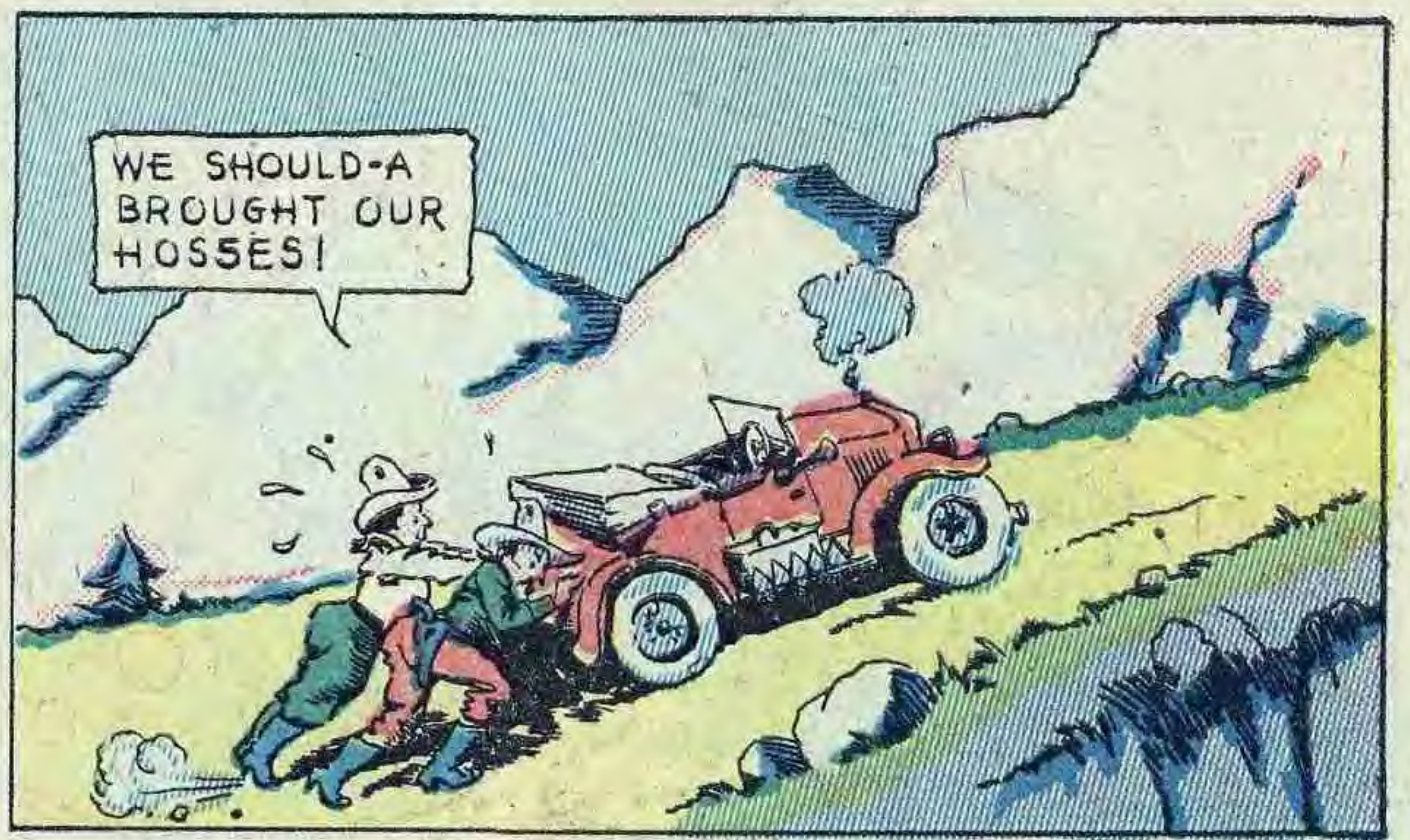
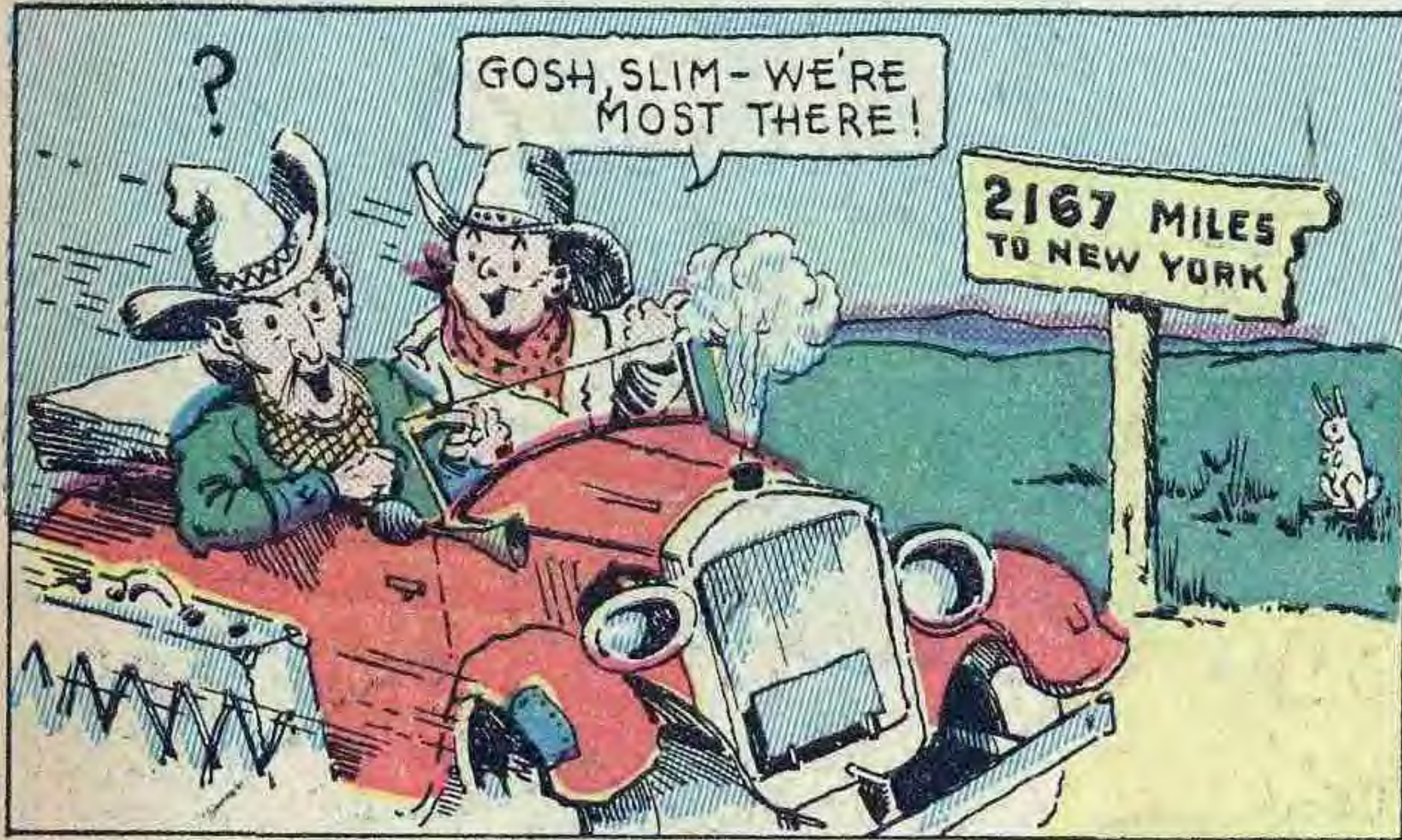




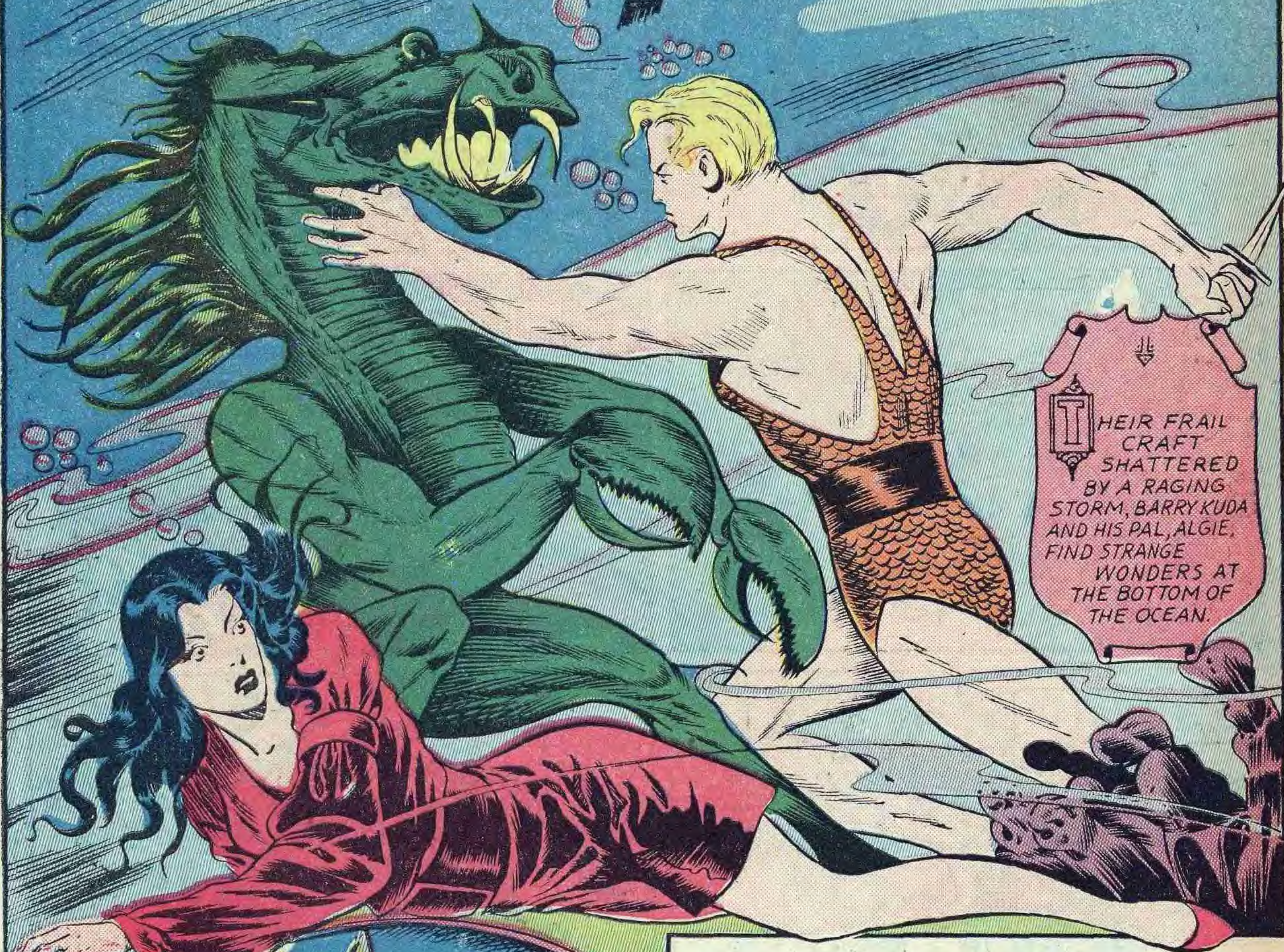


Slim Pickens

ON THE SPUR
OF THE
MOMENT!



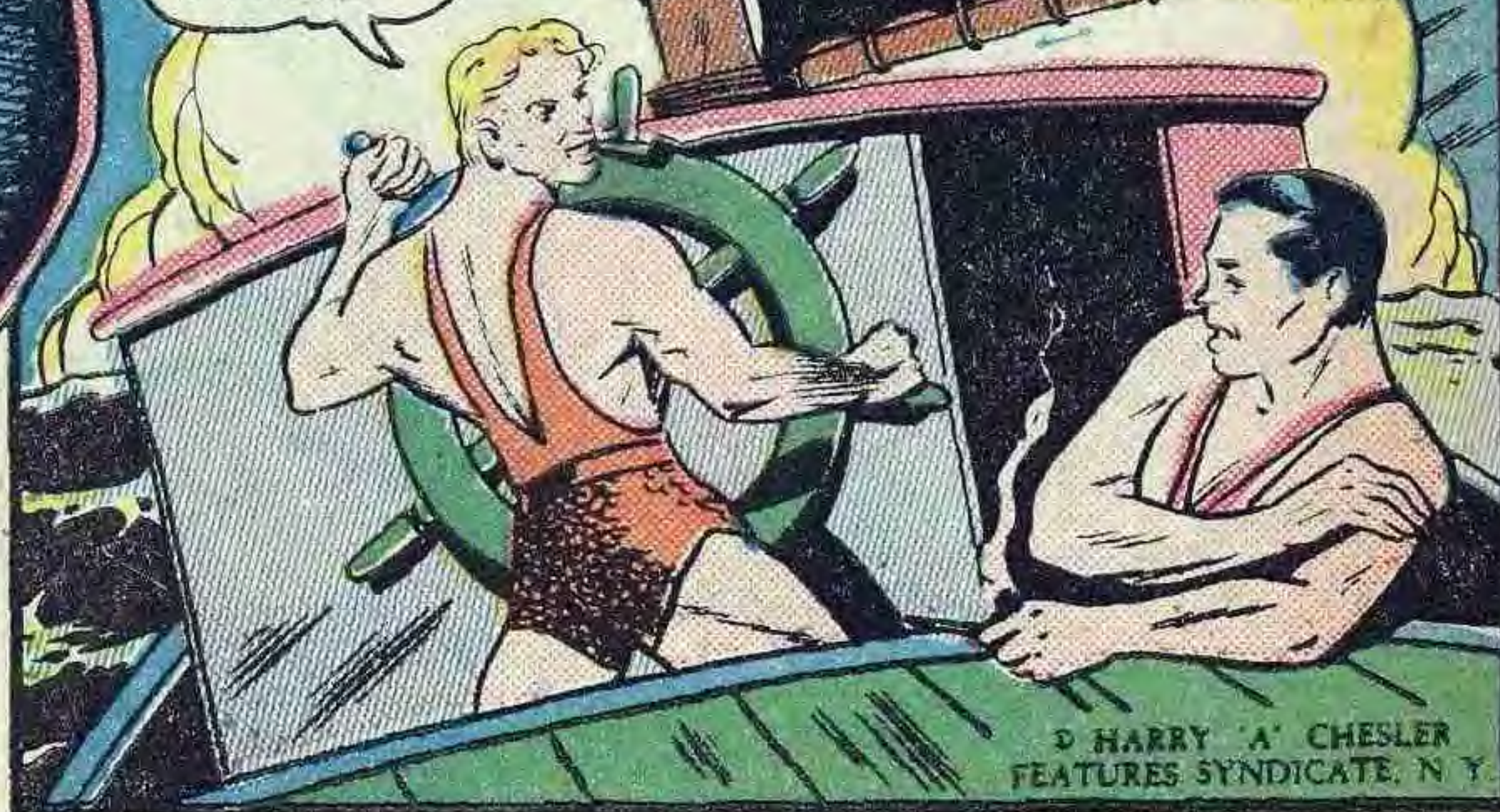
Barry Kuda



THEIR FRAIL CRAFT SHATTERED BY A RAGING STORM, BARRY KUDA AND HIS PAL, ALGIE, FIND STRANGE WONDERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF WE COULD LAND ON SOME UNCHARTED ISLAND... AND RESCUE A FAIR PRINCESS, ALGIE?

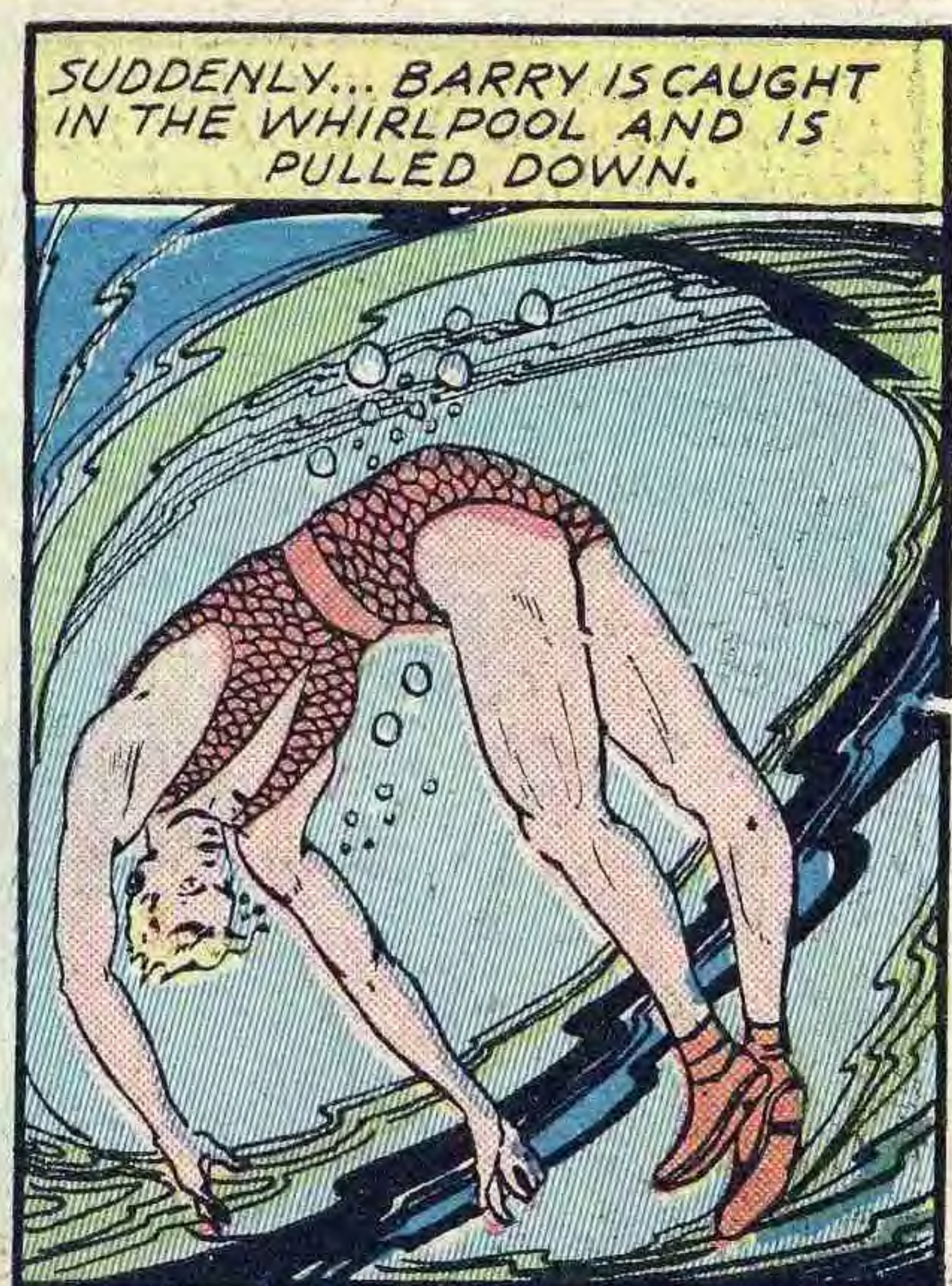
BARRY, I THINK YOU'RE NUTS.. BUT IF SHE'S GOT A FRIEND IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME!

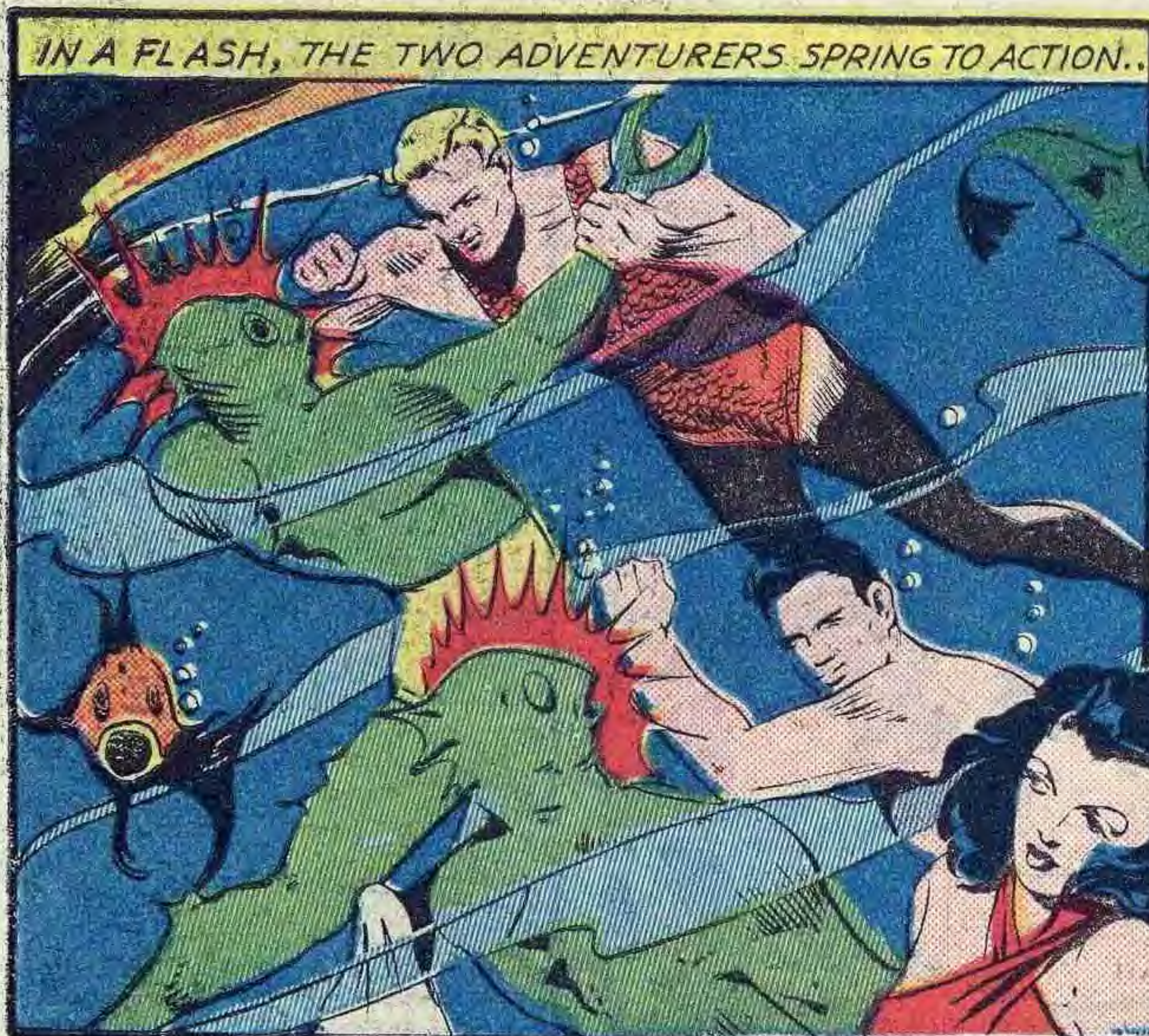


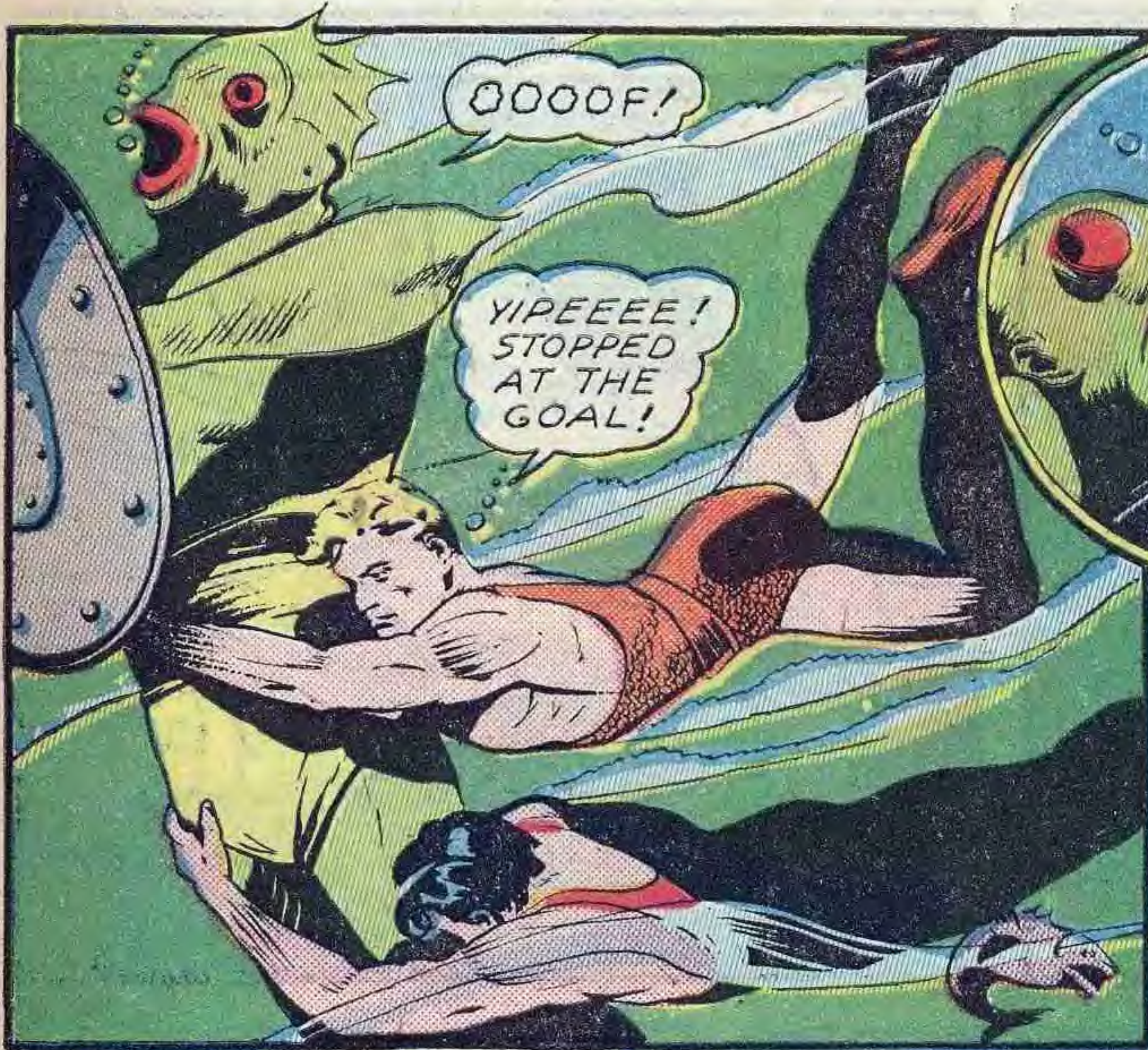
BARRY AND ALGIE DRIFT LAZILY ALONG THE VAST PACIFIC



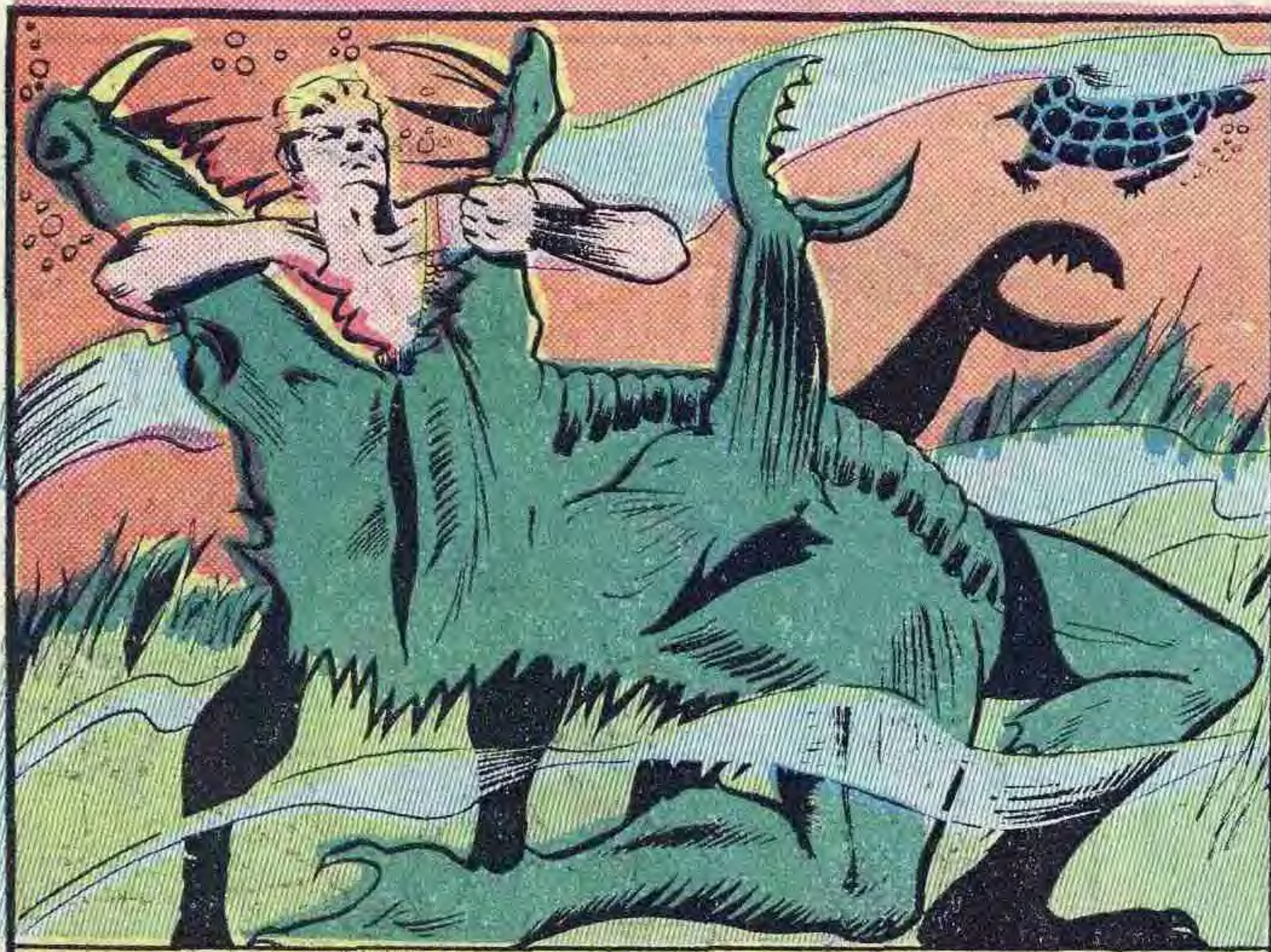
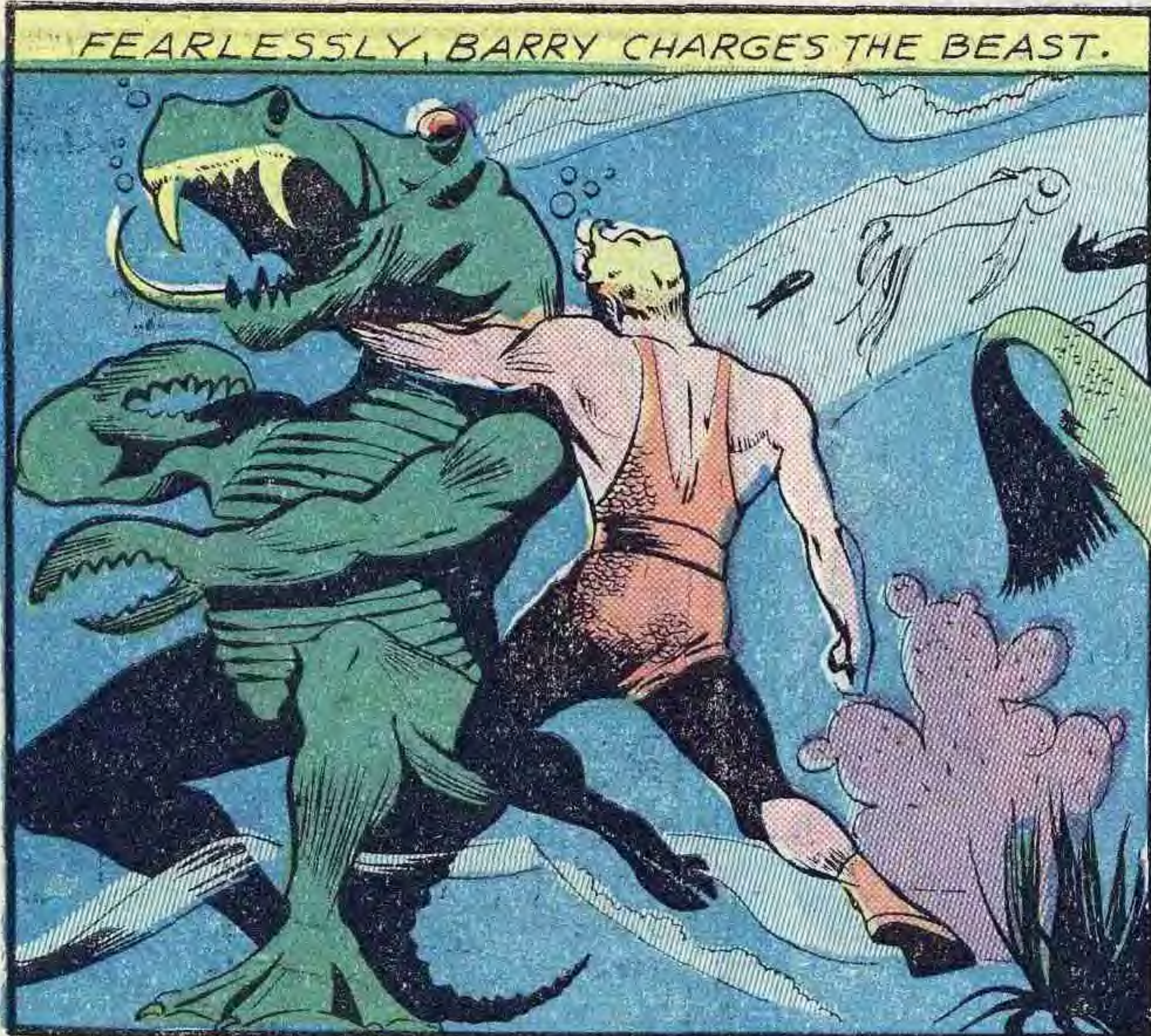
..AND SOON
SHATTERS
THE BOAT
SENDING THE
TWO
ADVENTURERS
INTO THE
SEA.







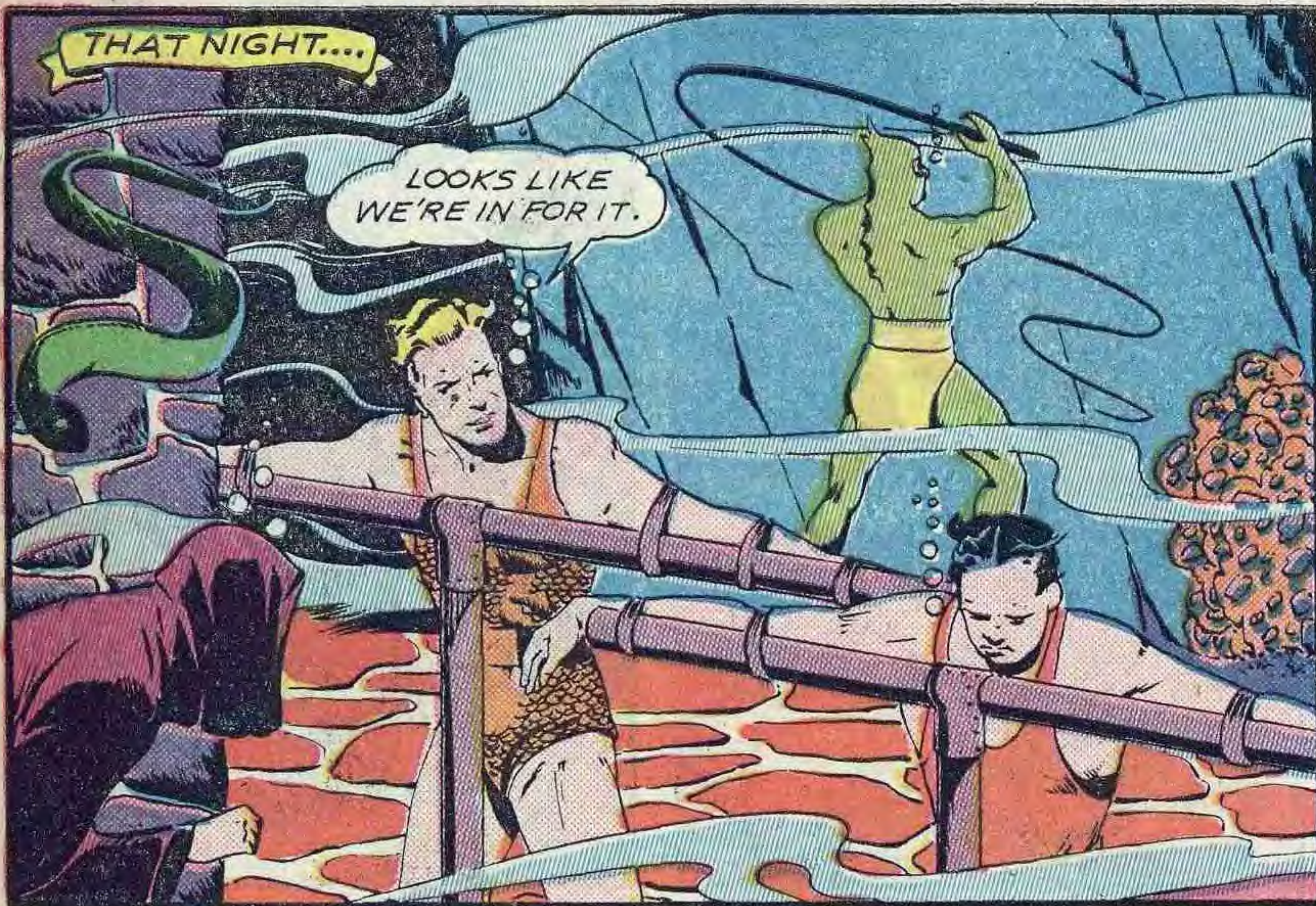
FEARLESSLY, BARRY CHARGES THE BEAST.



USING ALL THE RESERVE STRENGTH OF HIS BODY, BARRY CRUSHES THE MONSTER.

FINISHING THE BEAST, BARRY STARTS FOR BELZAN.



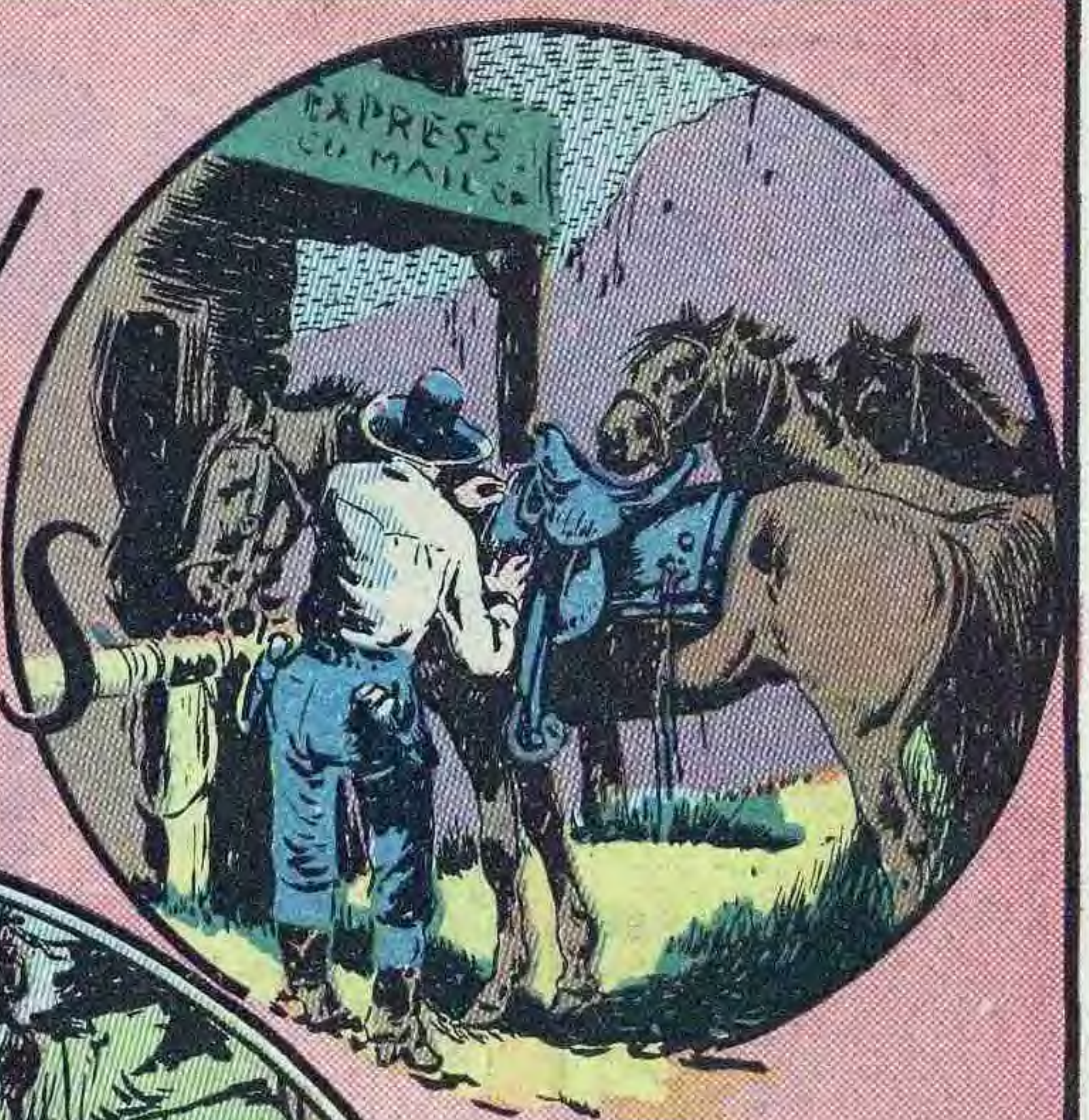




The PONY EXPRESS



Good Kentucky running horses were purchased for this hazardous undertaking



Riders gave their horses the best of care and kept them always ready for an immediate dash



Indians pursued the riders constantly



A mail pouch cast aside by Indians after killing rider was found by a prospector three years later. Despite exposure mail was in good condition.



Many times the horses fell with broken legs. The wolves attacked relentlessly. Therefore only sturdy men were accepted for this job

SERGEANT STEELE

HIS BUDDIES
TURNED AGAINST
HIM. SOME SAID
HE SOLD THEM
OUT TO LINE HIS
POCKETS WITH GOLD,
BUT IN THE FACE
OF ALL THIS,
SERGEANT
STEELE,
OF THE HELL CAT
PATROL, BATTLES
SAVAGELY TO
CLEAR HIS
NAME FOR THE
GLORY
OF THE
U.S.
MARINES.



THE SIXTH ENGINEERS,
SIR! WE'VE BEEN
WORKING INLAND....
SUDDEN MALARIA PLAGUE,
GOT ALL... I ESCAPED
TO THE COAST!

SUDDEN MALARIA
PLAGUE, IMPOSSIBLE!
THAT AREA'S BEEN
CLEARED A LONG
TIME AGO... IT'S
PERFECTLY HEALTHY!

BUT HIS
STORY... IT
DEMANDS AN
INVESTIGATION.

YOUR LEAVE BEGINS
NOW! ALL MEN ARE
CAUTIONED AGAINST
ENGAGING IN ANY
BRAWLS.

PARTY DISMISSED!
SERGEANT STEELE,
REPORT TO THE
COMMANDER!

ABOARD A U.S. DESTROYER
IN THE TROPICAL CANAL ZONE...



BUT UNNOTICED, STRANGE EARS OVERHEAR THE CONVERSATION...



IT'S A PRETTY RISKY JOB, SERGEANT STEELE. IT MEANS EXPOSING YOURSELF TO THE INLAND HAZARDS, AS WELL AS MALARIA.

NICE OF YOU TO PICK ME FOR THE JOB. WHEN DO I LEAVE, CAP?

EARLY TO-MORROW MORNING. I'D SUGGEST YOU ENJOY A SHORE LEAVE THE REST OF THE DAY. BY THE WAY, YOUR MISSION IS TO BE KEPT IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

THAT I KNOW, SIR!

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER.... SERGEANT STEELE AND HIS BUDDY, CHUB, REST AT A SIDEWALK CAFE.



BOY THIS IS THE BERRIES, EH, SARGE?

YEAH, CHUB... NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE LEAVE! THAT RECRUIT, ROSS, IN BACK OF YOU WILL MAKE GOOD HELL CAT MATERIAL!

WHILE AT THE NEXT TABLE...



THAT IS THE SERGEANT, SENOR GROSS. THEY ARE SENDING HIM TO INVESTIGATE THE INLAND.

THEN HE MAY FIND THE MOSQUITO BEDS. I MUST STOP HIS MEDDLING! HOW? MMMM! I HAVE IT!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO INSULT THE WIFE OF SENOR GROSS!

WHAT-TH.... OOOOFF!



STEADY, SARGE... YOU HEARD THE ORDERS. NO FIGHTING!

BUT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY HAD A WIFE!



IF THE SERGEANT WORRIES ABOUT THE OFFICIALS KNOWING OF THIS... I HAVE A PLAN!



TO-NIGHT AT THE CASINO... WE CAN SETTLE THIS WITH THE BIG GLOVES!

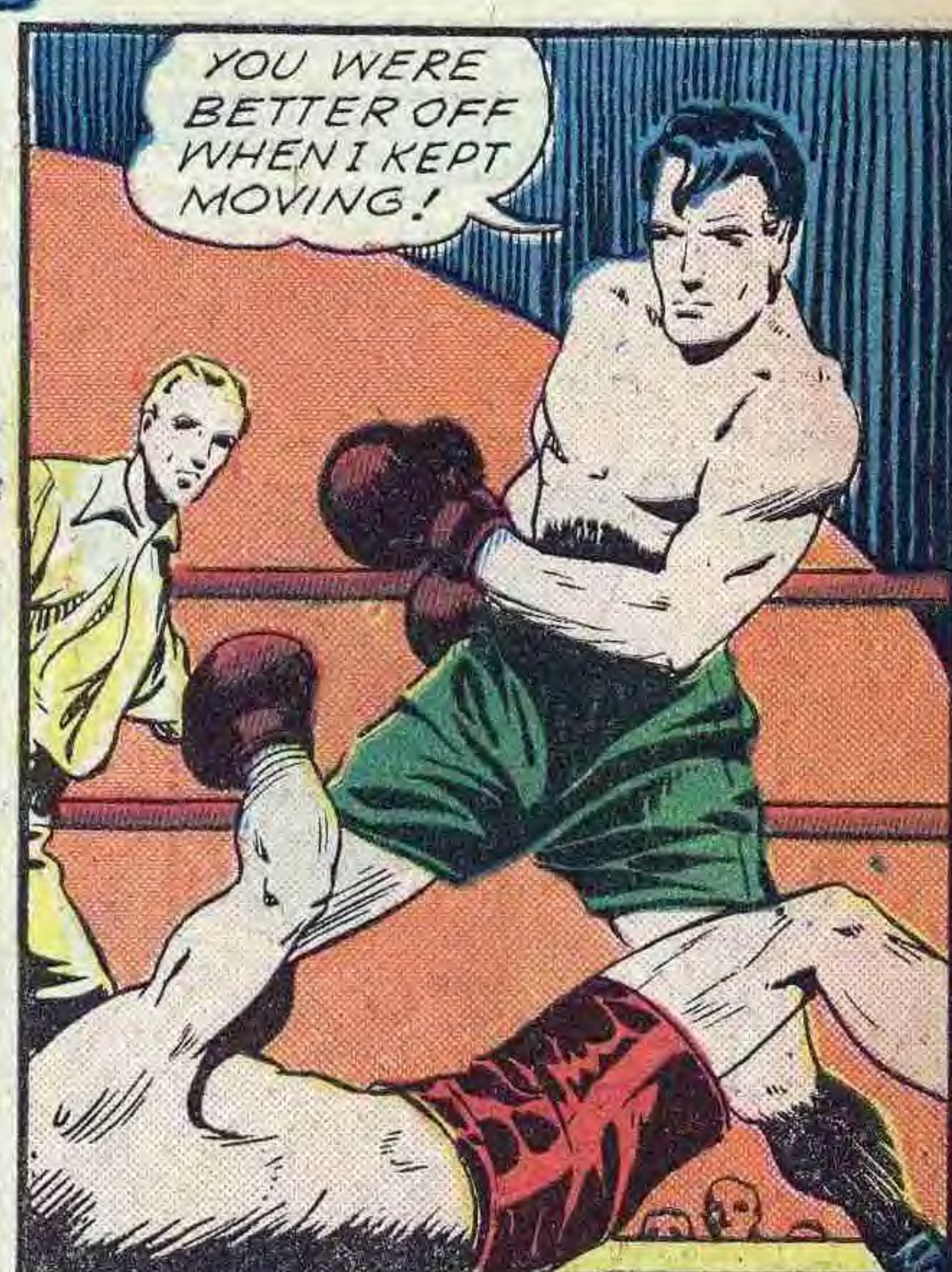
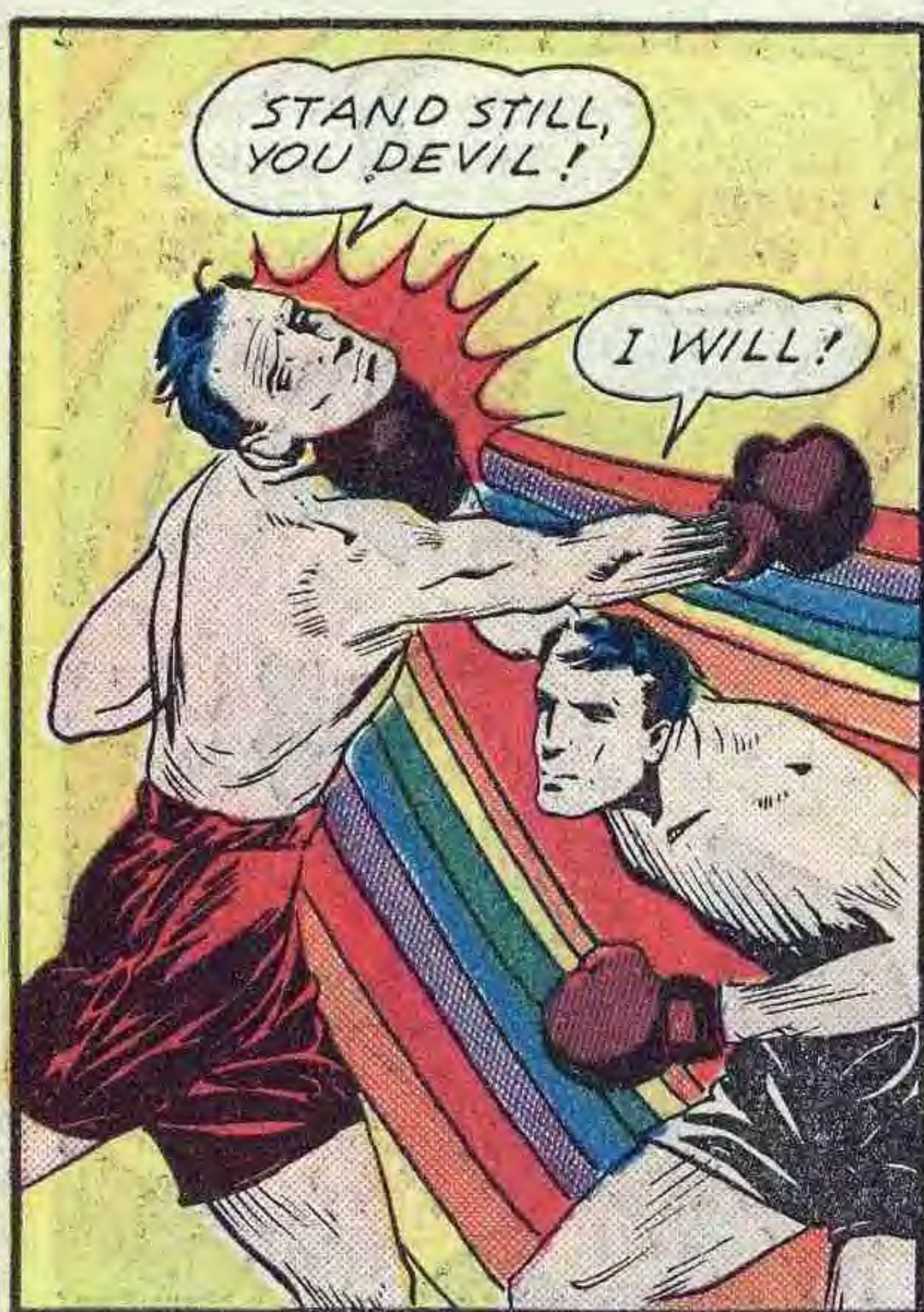
IF IT'S BOXING, YOU MEAN, YOU'RE ON, BROTHER! I'LL LOP YOUR EARS OFF. AT THE CASINO TO-NIGHT, CHUM!

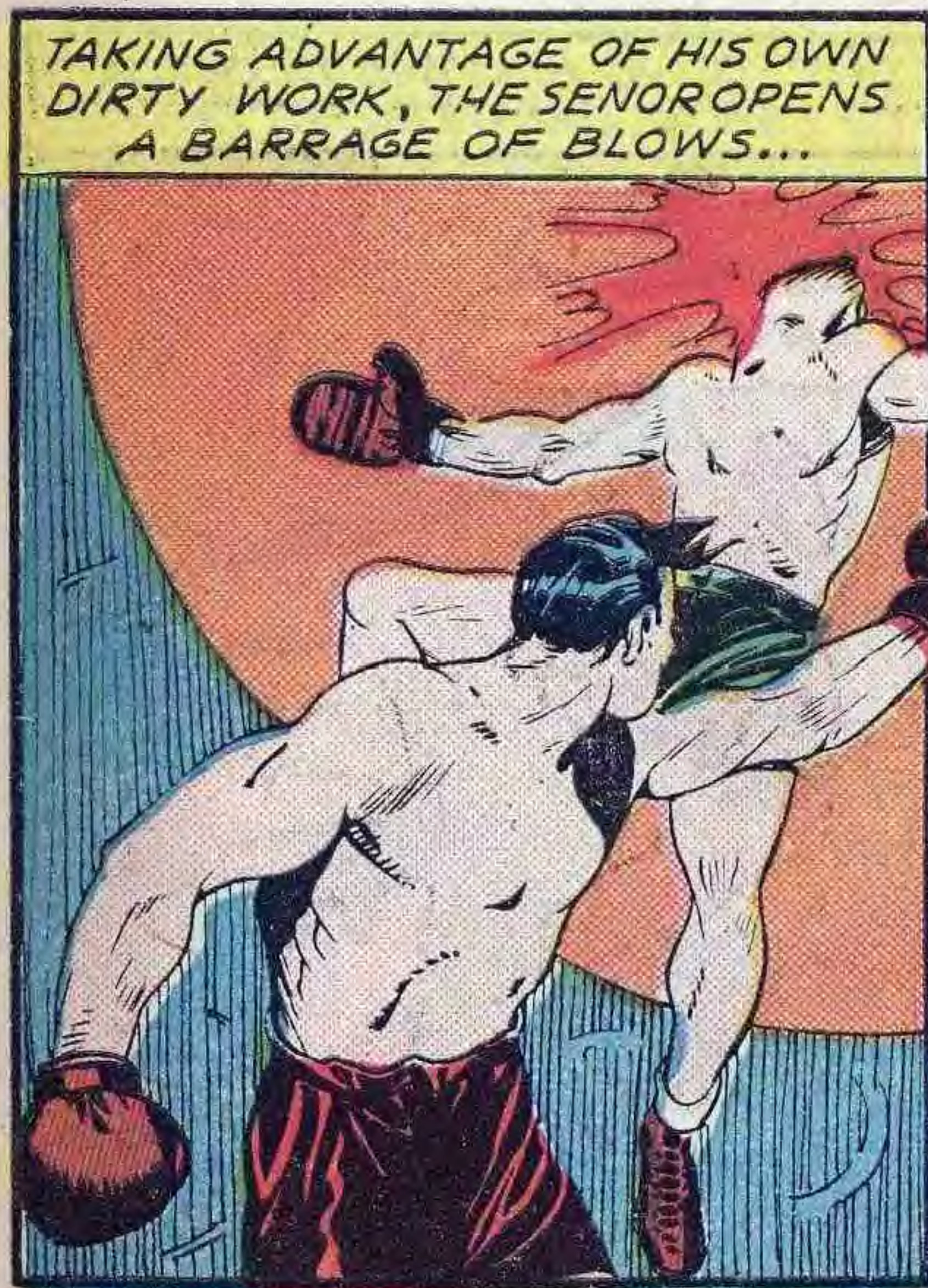
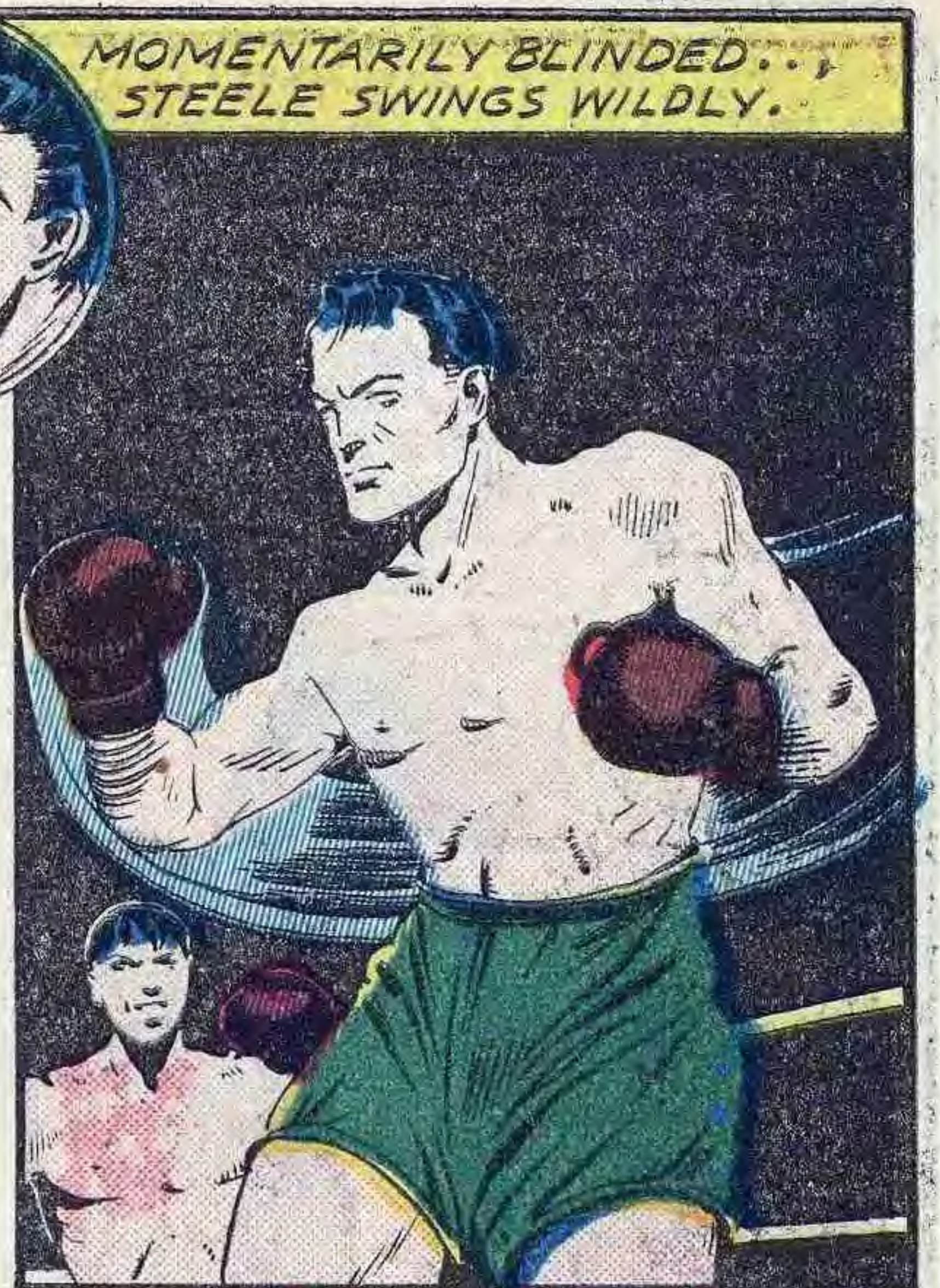


THAT EVENING, WORD OF THE FIGHT SPREADS AROUND AND SOON AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD JAMS THE CASINO.

BEING IN THE SAME OUTFIT WITH THE SARGE, I BET ALL I GOT. VIPEEE, HERE'S WHERE THE MARINES WALK OFF WITH ALL THE DOUGH.



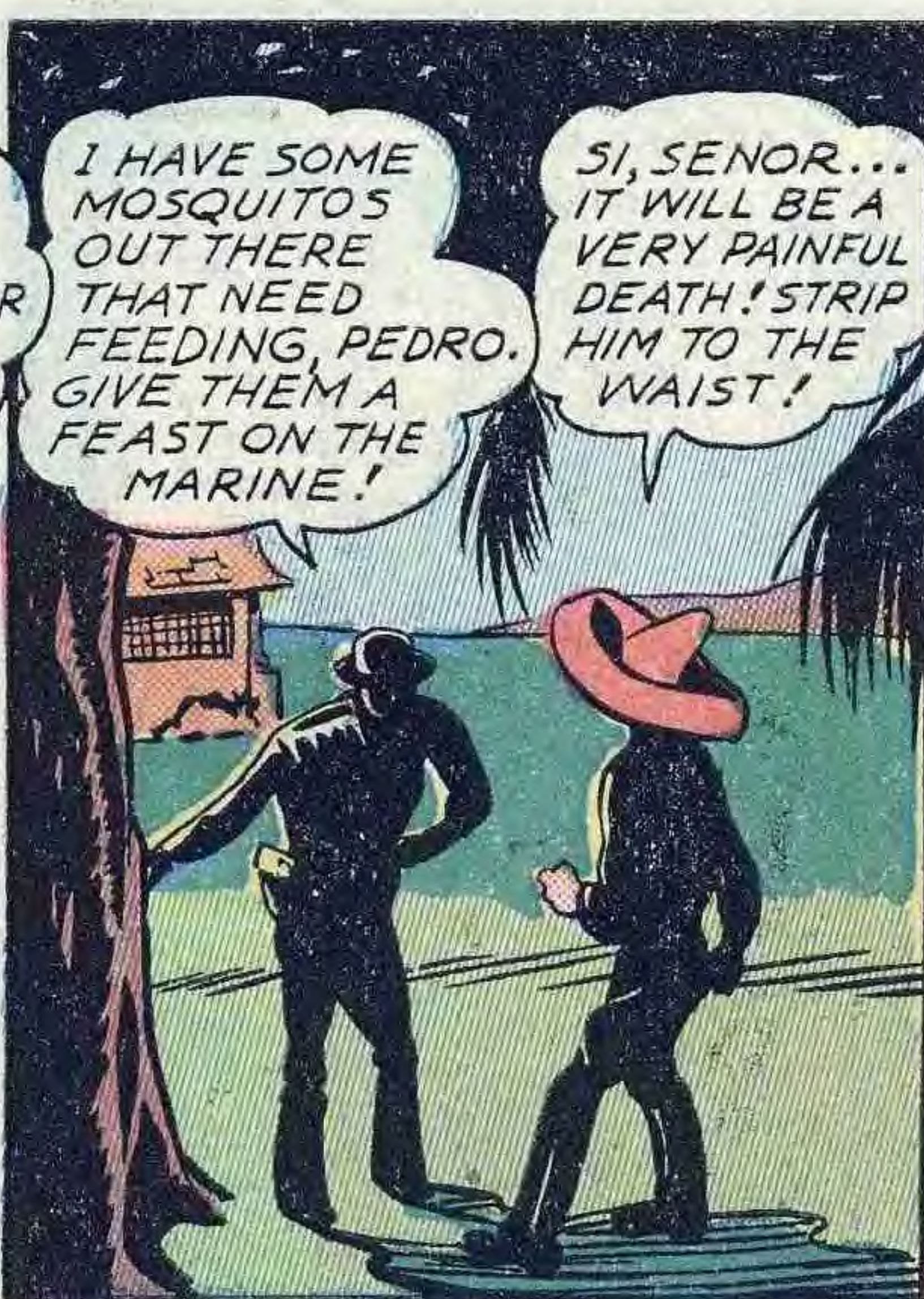




THE FOLLOWING DAY, FINDS STEELE IN THE CUSTODY OF HIS PAL, CHUB.



MIDDAY, IN THE ISLAND PLANTATION OF THE CRAFTY SENOR GROSS.







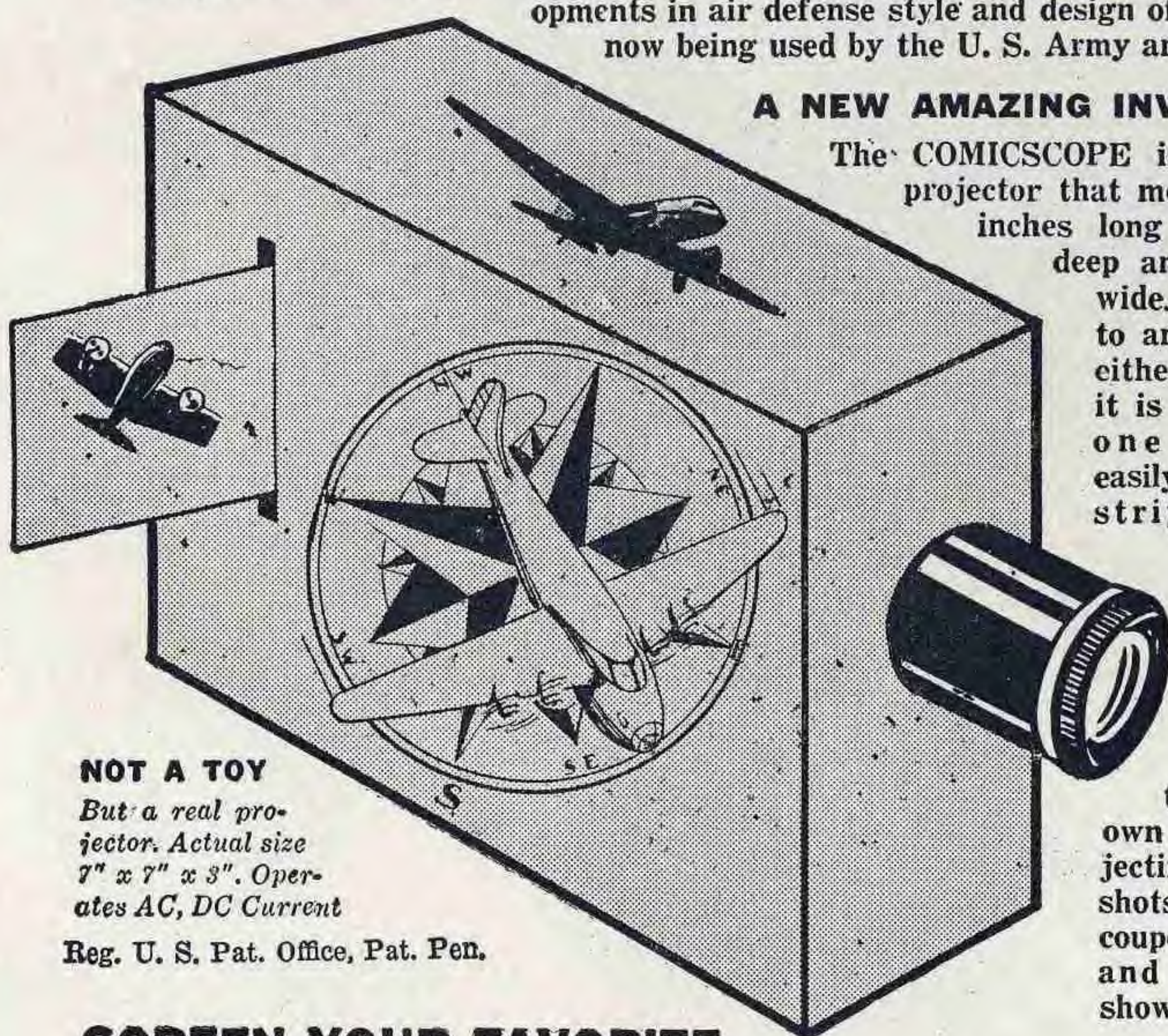
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